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THE DAISY TEST.

BY G. R. M.

A little—much—with passion—not at all!
However he love me—
To whatsoever tale the petals fall,
'Twill scarcely move me.

"A little"—then 'twill be for long, they say:
And very surely.
We like to hold our sceptre and our sway
At least surely.

"Much"—but our highest hopes and best desires
Fate often snatches,
Even as lofty towers and gleaming spires
The lightning catches.

"With passion"—but the wintry torrent's flight
Is more rapid;
And life without that evanescent light
Grows dull and vapid.

Last—"not at all:" well, then we go heart whole.
No chain—no fetter.
Ah me! some time, perhaps, some simple soul
Will love me better!

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

THIR glanced quickly at him; but there was not the faintest trace of consciousness in his manner. He looked down and caught her glance of shrewd inquiry, and raised his eyebrows half ruefully.

"You are thinking I am a blind fool," he said; "but, if I was so much in love with her, she would not have anything to say to me; so it is just as well as it is. It's strange how powerless our wills are in that matter; in almost every event of our lives our wills help our decision, except in the one affair of love, and in that we are the slaves and our feelings are the masters."

"You seem to have had a heap of experience," observed Thir meekly.

"I've had none at all!" he declared promptly. "Never was there a man who had so little. My father's ill-health has not left me time for any recreation of that kind. And, in any case, our misfortunes would have prevented it. What have I to offer to a woman? A hundred or so of ruined roofless cabins in Ireland, and a debt-burdened estate here."

"Nevertheless," returned Miss Bright, laughing up at him merrily, "since your will is powerless in that matter, if you met the right woman, I suppose you would love her, ruined cabins and debts notwithstanding?"

"It would be a great misfortune, Miss Bright."

"For whom—her or you?"

"For me, of course—for her, too, if she should be so wanting in taste and worldly wisdom as to return my affection."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Thir. "It would be a grand thing for both of you! When a woman loves a man, do you suppose she bothers to know if his cabins are weather-proof or roofless? And for you—well, a married man never wants as much money as a single one; so there you are, you know! Good-bye! Come to me for advice when you fall in love."

"And what shall you advise me to do?" he asked, with his hand on Miss Gunter's gate, but making no attempt to open it.

"It will all depend on the woman," she replied, with a gay audacity which he found infinitely charming. "If I think she is worthy of you, and fitted to be a poor man's wife, I shall advise you to pile on the fuel and go full steam ahead."

She had no sooner given her advice than she felt as if she had been too outspoken for once, and she flushed a little—unusual thing with her.

"Good-bye!" she said hurriedly, in some confusion, pushing the gate open for herself. "Run away before aunt Polly sees you, or she will accuse me of flirting with a man I haven't known a week!"

"Flirting—when you were giving me motherly advice!" he responded, raising his hat smilingly. "Au revoir!"

CHAPTER VI.

A MONTH had passed since the discovery of Ellen Bardell's body in the quarry under Gillian's Hood. As a topic of conversation the terrible event had lost its interest, and people were beginning to drop it by common consent.

Under the influence of the August sun, the trees and pastures were beginning to wear the faded appearance denoting that the end of the summer was drawing near, and Mrs. Greenbury, recovered from the recent shock, had yielded to her daughter's entreaty to make up for lost time by giving a tennis-party before the fine weather broke up.

On the drawing-room balcony Miss Gunter and the Rector were having one of their thorough-going discussions, to which Miss Caroline listened with the air of attention which had become habitual to her when Mary was talking, but which by no means signified that she was really attending to the conversation.

Miss Gunter's superior intellect was such an acknowledged fact that Miss Caroline never thought of presuming to take part in one of her arguments—which indeed very often soared far away above the younger sister's level—but she was always willing to support her in the only way open to her, by wearing a patient, interested, attentive face during the weighty discussions in which Miss Gunter delighted.

At a little distance, under a large Japanese umbrella on the lawn, Mrs. Greenbury and Mrs. Poplett were also in a deep discussion of their own. Tea, for the most part, was over, and the guests had distributed themselves according to their inclination about the charming old-fashioned garden, resting a little before they returned to their play.

Miss Valland and Thir Bright were sitting next to each other, in the shadow of the old thorn-tree in the corner next to the hedge, and Tryan Cambray was close to them, sitting on the edge of the grass on the opposite side of the path, with his hands clasped round his knees. The sun was shining full upon his face, and he had tilted his soft white cap forward over his eyes in order to look up and make a laughing reply to something one of the girls had just said to him.

During these past weeks of her residence at Quilter's Common, Thir Bright had continually noticed that, whenever she and Miss Valland had been at the same party, they were invariably together, and, when Tryan Cambray was also present, it was equally inevitable that he should not be far off.

The odd part of it was that, if the companionship was none of her seeking, neither did it seem to be of Dora's, for she never made the faintest advance towards cordiality—indeed she was so chilling in her manner sometimes that Thir often made an effort to shake herself free from her; but all in vain—in the course of daily events, for she never seemed to come of her own will; and there, too, would Tryan be.

This was the group which had caught Mrs. Poplett's attention now, from her post under the umbrella at the other end of the lawn; and Mrs. Greenbury, noting her close observation, offered a little information.

"Tryan is very devoted this afternoon," she said, smiling significantly. "I often think it is rather hard on these young people, this long weary waiting."

"Have they been waiting so long?" asked Mrs. Poplett, a little surprised. "I thought the American girl had been in the neighborhood only a month."

Mrs. Poplett was not one of the Quilter's Common people; she had come over from Beverly with her son, who had lately joined his regiment at the depot, and who had at first sight fallen over head and ears in love with the Rector's handsome daughter.

"Oh, but it is not the American girl, you know!" Mrs. Greenbury explained quietly. "She came to Quilter's Common only quite lately. Dora Valland is the attraction; there is a very old-standing affair between her and Tryan Cambray. Nobody talks about it, because a marriage is out of the question during the Squire's lifetime; but there is a thorough understanding between them, and we all know how it will end."

"Well, you surprise me very much," declared Mrs. Poplett, who had seen the familiar symptoms in her boy's eyes when he was introduced to Dora, and had been watching that young lady all the afternoon, trying to discover what kind of a daughter-in-law she would make—"very much indeed! I quite thought it was the little dark girl with the beautiful eyes. There—look at that!" she exclaimed softly, as Tryan, taking advantage of Dora's attention being claimed by somebody, slipped across the path and seated himself on the twisted thorn-trunk, right up in the corner at Thir's feet, and, by an adroit twist of her chair, brought her face round towards him.

"That's doesn't look like devotion to Miss Valland, does it? Those two are evidently sufficient for each other without any third person. I think you have made a little mistake, Mrs. Greenbury."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Greenbury, with a cloud of doubt on her kind pleasant face. "It would be a fearful disappointment to Dora. Whatever his feeling for her may be, I am absolutely certain she is passionately attached to him. And she would not get over a thing of that sort easily. She is not at all a commonplace girl; she feels things more than one would give her credit for."

"I suppose it would be a capital marriage for her," observed Mrs. Poplett, in the tone and manner of every-day gossip. It was not natural that she should be so deeply interested in the affair as Mrs. Greenbury—indeed she would not have felt any interest at all if it had not been for Sid's evident attraction towards Miss Valland.

"Well, not such a very great marriage," replied Mrs. Greenbury. "The Cambrays are very much reduced by these Irish troubles, you see; and Dora's looks almost entitle her to make a good match. She is a high principled girl, too, and so clever in a house! If Tryan is so short-sighted as to pass her over for another girl, he will most certainly go farther and fare worse. She would make more of his limited income than any girl I know."

"I dare say," assented Mrs. Poplett, stifling a yawn. "Captain Miller and your elder daughter aren't wasting any time, are they? I hope you did not mind my bringing him. Sid said he knew you would be pleased to see an extra man, and Captain Miller is desirable in every way, or I should not have brought him to a house where there were grown-up girls."

"You are very good," said Mrs. Greenbury stiffly, dimly conscious of a touch of patronage in her guest's manner and rather resenting it. "How do you like Beverly?"

"Oh, I am not at Beverly now! I have a villa a little way outside. I was fortunate enough to get it ready furnished from a Major Gunton, who was leaving for the South. I am going to start my afternoons soon; I shall count upon you and your charming girls for support. Oh, here comes Mr. Valland—he has been watching his chance to escape from Miss Gunter for the last ten minutes!"

"Who is that nice-looking boy with the flaxen hair and blue eyes talking to Teddy Greenbury?" asked Thir of Tryan.

"That is Sidney Poplett, one of the subs. I promised you the first morning I met you," replied Tryan, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "Don't you remember how enraptured you were at the prospect of getting a peep at a presentable man now and then? Does the military element come up to expectation? There is another specimen—the big fellow with the very fully-developed mustache who is going to play with Muriel Greenbury. Are you dying to know one of them? Shall I fetch Pops—that is what they call him in the regiment—and introduce him?"

"What conceited creatures you Englishmen are!" she exclaimed, raising her disdainful chin an inch higher. "I can read you like a book, Mr. Cambray. At this moment you are chuckling over your superiority to that nice-looking lad, and saying to yourself how much handsomer and fascinating you are than he!"

"Of course I am!" he cried promptly. "One does not get the chance to show to such advantage every day, you know! All the same, though, Pops is a very nice fellow. Shall I go and fetch him?"

"Teddy is going to save you the trouble," she said; "he is bringing him over to this corner now."

But, when Mr. Poplett reached the shady retreat under the old thorn-tree, and addressed himself to Miss Valland, he seemed scarcely aware of any other person's presence, to judge by the rapt attention with which he listened to all she said.

"Teddy," whispered Thir presently, conscious of Tryan's gleeful triumph, "I want to know your friend. Young Mr. Cambray is so jealous of his superior attractions that he won't introduce me!"

Teddy laughed and made the desired presentation, and then began abusing Tryan for hiding in a corner instead of playing tennis.

"I knew your mother, before I heard her name mentioned," Dora was saying to Mr. Poplett, "by the likeness between you."

"By Jove, that's a compliment, Pops!" cried Teddy. "Mrs. Poplett is an uncommonly handsome woman!"

"So the Rector seems to think," observed Thir, with a glance in the direction of the umbrella under which Mrs. Poplett and Mr. Valland were carrying on a most animated conversation.

"You'll have to keep an eye on your mother, Pops," declared Teddy, with much gravity; "our Rector is a decidedly dangerous man. And the fun is," he added, turning to Thir, "that it was Mrs. Poplett who came to look after the boy! Pops is well looked after, I can tell you!"

For a moment Pops looked thoroughly miserable, until Thir broke in, in her brisk way—

"And why shouldn't he be? I don't

think a man need be ashamed of having a mother who is fond of him?"

"Hear, hear!" cried Tryan from his corner, and then mumbled an abject "I beg your pardon—I didn't mean it," as Thir turned towards him. "I forgot my place for a moment. 'Young Mr. Cambray' should not speak until he is spoken to."

"You ridiculous creature!" she said, laughing at his nonsense. "Teddy, take me away from him, will you?"

At this Tryan sprang up in mock alarm.

"Don't leave me here with those two!" he muttered imploringly. "Pops will pulverise me if I stay here and spoil sport. Take me with you, please, Miss Bright!"

"I have to go and play," said Teddy ruefully; "they are waiting for me to begin. I say, Tryan, you might go and take my place."

"I'll see you farther first!" returned Tryan calmly. "Ask Pops."

"Oh, Pops," exclaimed Teddy, in a tone of intense disgust, glancing behind him at that infatuated youth, who had taken Thir's chair and drawn it up in front of Miss Valland, as if he were determined to shut off all the rest of the world and have her to himself—"Pops is spoilt for the afternoon! I suppose I shall have to play myself; though I would far rather take you down to the brook, Miss Bright, and show you the place where Tryan jumped in to the rescue of Jean's pug pup about twelve years ago. Now he'll be able to show you himself, while I'm doing my duty as the son of the house. All right—I'm coming!" he cried out in reply to Jean's imperious summons. "Don't lose yourself with Miss Bright, Tryan; Muriel will want you to help with the singing when it gets dusk!"—and he ran off, unwillingly enough, in the direction of the courts.

"Shall we go down to the brook," inquired Tryan gravely, "or would you prefer to remain where there is a chance of an introduction to another presentable—"

"If you say that word again, I won't speak to you for a year!" cried Thir. "Take me to see the brook, if you can leave off being ill-tempered for a little while. What is the matter with you today?"

"I think it was the sight of Miller's tandem that upset me first," he answered, speaking so negligently that she thought he was still talking nonsense. "It was the very double of a turn-out I used to drive at the old place in Ireland; the leader was the counterfeit presentiment of a little mare I was particularly fond of. Are you shocked," he asked, smiling sensitively as she flashed a quick questioning glance up at him—"shocked at my meanness in envying another man's good fortune? Oh, I have a good hearty growl at misfortune sometimes, I can tell you, though I'm not often such an unreasonable fool as to inflict my idiotic grumblings on other people! This is the way to the brook—through the stables and across the paddock. It is one of the prettiest little rivers imaginable. The Greenburys always send their new friends to see it. Have you the American love of pretty scenery, Miss Bright?"

"I think so."

There was something so strange in her curt answer that, as he held the stable door open for her, he examined her face with a look of dismay.

"Have I given you the blues with my senseless twaddle?" he asked. "I had forgotten your trick of making everybody's troubles your own. Don't think about it; it is only just now and then that I let the blues get hold of me like this."

"Why don't you do something to alter it?"

This remark was even more unlike her usual manner of speech than the last. Her voice sounded harsh and repellent, and it quite pained him. He laughed rather drearily, and pushed his cap farther back from his forehead with an air of impatience.

"I wish to Heaven I could!" he exclaimed fervently. "Of all the miseries of my present position, the inaction is the hardest to bear with."

And Thir, remembering the invalid father, called herself a hateful little thing, and had some difficulty in refraining from putting her hand within his arm and advising him, in her overwhelming desire to comfort him, to "buck up and look slippy."

It was always her way, when under the influence of emotion, to fall into one extreme or another, and, since she dared not, in the present circumstances, be gentle and sympathetic, it would have been a great relief to her to indulge in an outburst of downright masculine slang.

However, her sense of propriety restrained her, and they walked the length of the paddock in an unbroken silence. During their pleasant acquaintance such a thing had never happened before, thanks to Thir's unflagging vivacity; but, from some inexplicable cause, that useful quality had deserted her this afternoon, and the knowledge that it had, that she was not so thoroughly mistress of herself as usual, made her alternately constrained and reckless in her remarks.

"I suppose, now," she said presently, as they reached the sloping banks of the brook and she stooped suddenly to gather a great tuft of forget-me-nots at the edge of the water, "you're what is generally called a proud young man, Mr. Cambray?"

"I? Proud?" he echoed. "What should give you the idea of me? I think I'm one of the least proud men in the world! What have I to be proud of?"

"And yet, in your present circumstances, I reckon you would rather starve than marry a rich woman?"

He flushed and laughed awkwardly, with a guilty air.

"It would very much depend on the rich woman, you know."

"Ah, but that is just my argument. Would you marry a woman who was willing to marry you because she had money? Now there's Sir John Merton's daughter, for instance."

He turned towards her as she crouched on the bank, still plucking her forget-me-nots, with such a gleam of anger in his eyes that it was a mercy, as she told him afterwards, that she did not topple back into the stream, and give him a chance of repeating his exploit of twelve years before.

"Who has been repeating scurrilous stories to you?" he asked harshly. And then, seeing by her look of astonishment that her mention of Miss Merton had been a mere accident, he checked himself, and added more quietly, "No—I would not marry Sir John's daughter under any conditions you could name."

"Nor any other rich woman?"

"Nor any other rich woman"—smiling down at her, with his temper under perfect control again.

She sighed, as if she were quite out of patience with him, and held up her hand that he might help her on to her feet again.

"Will you have some?" she asked, holding the bunch of tiny blossoms towards him.

But he shook his head smilingly.

"Don't disarrange the posy. Tuck it into your sash as it is."

With a slight shrug of her slim shoulders, she did as he bid her, and walked on again. Presently she said abruptly—

"I wish you would tell me why!"

"Why I would not destroy your bunch of flowers?"

"No—why you would not marry a rich woman."

"Oh!" His tone betrayed the fact that the return to this topic had disconcerted him. "Well, perhaps you were right, after all—perhaps I am too stuck-up to accept help from a woman."

"But if you—loved her?" "Loved whom?"

"The rich woman."

"What nonsense we're talking!" he said petulantly. "How can I tell what I should do then, Miss Bright?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Thir, as if she had at last scored a point. "And, except that you are so abominably stuck-up, there is no other reason why you should not marry a rich woman?"

As she put this extraordinary question, she stopped and looked up into his troubled face.

"No," he began; and then, meeting her steady, relentless glance, he stammered, "That is—well—yes—there is another reason."

"Well, ain't you going to tell me what that other reason is?"

He looked at her for a moment with such a desperate yearning in his eyes that she was almost on the point of putting her arms around his neck and breaking down there and then.

"Tell you the reason?" he said irresolutely. But he was not beaten yet. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he moved a few steps up the bank and began to laugh at her. "What do you mean by bothering me like this?" he cried, pretending to treat the whole affair as a joke. "If you go on any longer, I'll run away and leave you here by yourself!"

"Well, I was only wondering if—if there was another woman in the case,' she said quietly, watching the frown deepen on his face; "because I heard two people talking about you a while ago, and one said how bad you were looking, and the other said you looked as if you were in love. And that set me to wondering——" She stopped, afraid that he would discover how fast her heart was beating.

"It was like their confounded impudence, whoever they were!" he muttered, grinding his heel into the soft turf. "I did not know I was quite such a fool as all that—to let the whole world into my secret!"

"Then——"

"Oh, yes—it's true enough! Because I had not enough bother on hand before, I must go and add this item to the list!"

"But why need it be a bother?" asked Thir very sweetly, moving a little nearer to the angry young man. "If you love her and she loves you, I should think it would help you to bear the other worries, instead of adding to them."

"But she doesn't."

"Oh! Has she rejected you?" "No."

"I see; she is already engaged?"

"No. At least, I don't know."

"Don't know? Do you mean that you—have never spoken to her?"

"Yes. How could I speak to her? Have I anything to make it worth a woman's while to be civil to me? There—for goodness' sake, let us drop this nonsense! I don't know how I came to be drawn into talking of it at all. Shall we go back?"

"Certainly!" said Thir, with alacrity, but at the same time not attempting to move. "I wish I could persuade you to tell me the—the lady's name, Mr. Cambray."

"No—I can't do that. What good would it do?"

Very gradually and very steadily Thir raised her eyes and met his moody glance.

"I wonder if I could guess? May I—try?"

"Thir—Miss Bright!"

"Oh, Tryan, Tryan, how hard you have been on me, my dear, my dear!"

And, without either of them in the least knowing how it happened, his arms were round her, her face was hidden upon his shoulder, and he was murmuring delighted expressions of affection in her ear.

CHAPTER VII.

IF TRYAN had been hard upon his lady-love hitherto, he was apparently willing to make up for it now. He held her to him with a gentle tremulous pressure, which in some subtle way made her comprehend what his previous restraint had cost him; and, when she cried out for mercy and put her hands up to her laughing blushing face to shield herself from his eager caresses, he could not persuade himself to let her go.

As for Thir, now that she had attained her end, a half defiant shame had seized her. She would have liked to carry the interview through to its close with the same reckless audacity with which she had started; but somehow things were different now.

Entrapping a sulky honorable young man into saying something that she very much wished to hear was all very well in its way, and needed a certain amount of headstrong boldness; but, when his reticence gave way in this sudden overwhelming fashion, she found her pertness at a discount, and felt that there was nothing left to her but to become the passive recipient of his eager advances.

"Little sorceress!" he whispered tenderly. "How did you find it out? Do you know, you midge of mischief, that I had made up my mind never to breathe a word to you on this subject?"

"Of course I knew," she replied, with a half-ashamed happy laugh; "that was why I made up my mind that you should! Oh, Tryan, what shall I do if you ever twit me with my boldness? It was downright horrid of me! I can't think now how I ever did it!"

He raised her small slim fingers to his lips and kissed them lingeringly.

"I can't think how I should have gone on living if you hadn't," he said. "I never know until now how miserable I have been these last few weeks—like the blind man who does not know the full meaning of the word 'darkness' because he has never seen the light. I'm just delirious with happiness, little darling! I think I'm too happy! It can never last—something or other is bound to happen ——."

"Be silent this moment!" she cried, placing her hand tightly over his lips, and then laughing as he held it there. "Don't you know how unlucky it is to prophesy evil when one is very happy? Let us at least enjoy this one hour of our lives."

"And many another one too, please Heaven!" he whispered fervently.

They stood silent for some moments, while the stream at their feet sang its sweetest summer song, and the sun that touched its dancing waters bathed the lovers in a soft roseate glow, as bright, and perhaps as fleeting, as their great happiness. Some such thought as this occurred to Tryan presently, for, with a sudden gesture, which looked like the outward sign of swift mental pain, he raised his hand and pressed her head closer to his breast.

"I wonder if you know what an unworldly thing you've done in caring for me," he said. "Do you think you can be really happy as a poor man's wife? Really poor, I mean, mind! We shall have to start life at the bottom of the ladder, my darling. The mortgagees are holding off only because they know that the duration of my father's life is simply a matter of weeks—or perhaps even days. As soon as he goes, the old place will be put in the market, and I shall lose even the barren honor of calling myself 'Mr. Cambray of the Hall.'"

"Shall you, dear?" she murmured; and, judging by the tone, the prospect had very few terrors for her.

She was careful however not to look at him, for an expression of intense happiness had come into her eyes at some thought inspired by his words. "And what do you mean to do, Tryan, when the opportunity for work comes in your way?"

"I have always meant to take the few—the very few—hundreds that will come to me when the debts are paid off, and try to make a start in Canada; but now I hardly know. Would you give me two years' grace, darling? Would you wait for me while I went out there and made a home for my little helpmate?"

She turned her face to him with such a light of love and joy in her beautiful eyes that his heart leaped within him.

"I would wait twenty years for you, Tryan, if—if it were necessary," she said; "but—but——" And then she stopped, as if her thoughts were too overpowering for words.

She clasped her hands before her and looked at him with tears in her eyes. When he asked, in deep distress, what the trouble was, she could only shake her head, smile through her tears, and gasp brokenly—

"Not trouble, dearest—it is joy! Joy enough to kill! Tryan, kiss me!"

This command effectually drove all unpleasant ideas out of his head for the time being. He grew grave again presently, for there was one point still to be discussed which he felt was an exceedingly delicate one—the desirability of keeping their engagement a strict secret during his father's lifetime.

"As far as I am personally concerned," he said fondly, "I should like to shout the good news from the house-tops; but it is the poor old father I am thinking of. I would not willingly add one trifling pang to the sorrow of his death-bed. And you mustn't be hard on him, dear. It is natural he should think a great deal of me; I am all he has in the world, you know."

"Of course he thinks you the smartest all-round man going!" she avowed promptly. "In the circumstances, he'd be a poor sort of father if he didn't!"

"Well, that is just about it, Thir; and, thinking me such a wonder, he has always made up his mind that I am to redeem the fallen fortunes of the family by a splendid marriage—a real heiress, you know. Since he has been so desperately ill he has dropped talking about it; but, if he knew there was no longer the faintest chance of such a thing happening, it would be a disappointment—fancy your being a disappointment to anybody, my darling!—and so I—— You see how it is, don't you? Excitement of any kind must be avoided now, or——"

"I understand exactly, Tryan," she interposed; "and I am quite willing to wait your convenience. I should be a pretty sort of helpmate—I like that name you have given me—if I was to begin by making a difficulty between you and your father! Don't worry yourself with another thought about it. There is only one assurance I should like from you. You don't share your father's disappointment, do you?"

He murmured something of which she only caught the words, "Heart's treasure," but his tender caresses answered her; and she rested quite contentedly within his encircling arm until the sun had slipped out of sight below the horizon; and then she suggested that they should return to the house, and he acquiesced with a sigh. But, when they were half-way across the paddock, she stopped to ask him a last question.

"Just now you used the expression 'a

real heiress,' Tryan: how much must a woman have to come up to that description here in England?"

"Oh, opinions vary according to circumstances! When I said it, I think I meant a girl with enough money to free us from debt and put the poor old Hall in thorough repair again."

"And how much would that be?" she asked again, with ill-concealed eagerness.

"Roughly speaking, from fifteen to twenty thousands pounds. Why did you ask, dearest? Were you wondering if the job was within your means, little girl?"

"Twenty thousand pounds!" she exclaimed. "I suppose that is a good deal of money? Some day, Tryan, you shall show me your house, and tell me what you would do to it if you had that twenty thousand pounds; and we'll 'make-believe very much,' as Dick Swiveller's Marchioness did, and try to persuade ourselves that we've the money, and that we're going to start those repairs straight away. Tryan," she cried, in a sudden outburst of wild spirits, "I'm so happy I want to scream! Won't you let me chase that old cow round the fence a little, just to work off some of the steam before I go back to those ladies and gentlemen yonder?"

Tryan looked at her anxiously, and at his expression of concern she broke out into a peal of laughter.

"It's all right," she declared: "I won't do anything outrageous, you'll see! Perhaps the sight of Dora Valland will act as a sedative; it generally does. And, besides, I wouldn't pain those dainty little aunts of mine—no, not even for that legendary $100,000! Come!"

Mrs. Poplett, ensconced in a snug corner of the verandah, with the Rector at her side, fanning away the swarm of gnats attracted by the bright lamp light from the open window, saw the two young people come through the gateway leading from the stable yard, and smiled quietly at her own superior discernment.

She had missed that particular couple for the past half hour, and, though she could not see their faces in the gloom, she noted observantly their bearing as they came across the lawn towards the house, and, being a good-natured woman, felt sorry as she thought of the disappointment in store for Dora Valland.

"Don't you think that American is a bewitching little creature?" she asked the Rector, as Thir passed in at the window. "If I were a young man, I should be over head and ears in love with her. Who is she? Do you know anything about her? Is she one of the rich American girls who seem to be swarming everywhere just now?"

"I think not," replied Mr. Valland. "I have an impression that her aunts have given her a home, rather than allow her to go out in the world alone. She is very helpful to them, and, though I know nothing of such matters, my daughter tells me that she is always dressed most inexpensively."

"It is a pity!" murmured Mrs. Poplett, thinking of the look she had seen in Tryan's eyes, and remembering Mrs. Greenbury's account of the Cambray poverty. "Things so seldom go right in this workaday world of ours!"

Dora Valland was at the piano when Tryan and Thir entered the drawing-room, and, before she was able to free herself from her duties as accompanist, Tryan's services had been claimed by Teddy to help clear the entrance hall for dancing, and Thir was explaining to her aunts how alarmed she had been by a cow in the paddock yonder, in explanation of her brilliant color and general air of excitement.

Dora had passed through an eternity of torture during the half hour of Tryan's disappearance. She would have made an attempt to find him if it had been possible; but for once circumstances had been too strong even for her resolute will. Pops, determined to make the most of his advantage when Thir's departure had left them alone together under the thorn tree, had stuck to her side like a limpet, until the move had been made for the house, and then, with an adroitness worthy of the warmest admiration, he had trapped her into a formal introduction to his mother in the corner of the verandah.

Here, under her father's watchful eyes, Dora had found excuses impossible, and had had to endure a long interview as well as she could, rescue coming at last in the shape of a request from Joan Greenbury to play an accompaniment.

It was while she was still at the piano, with the undaunted Pops in close attendance, that she heard Tryan's voice in the hall outside, making some suggestions for the better stowing away of the great cakes of ice.

The moment she left the piano she went straight over to where Thir was recounting her fable of the cow to a convulsed audience of half a dozen, and in the first pause she interposed—

"But why were you so frightened? You had Tryan Cambray with you."

"Oh, of course I was not frightened when he came!" said Thir, with such meekness that Captain Miller, who was one of the circle around her, began to suspect mischief at once. "But how cruel of you to discount the climax of my story like that, Miss Valland! I was just working up to the heroic rescue by young Mr. Cambray, and now you have let everybody into the secret beforehand!"

"But he was with you all the time, wasn't he?" questioned Dora again, in her anger getting reckless as to people's opinions, caring for nothing so long as she badgered Thir into showing some sign of confusion. "Was Tryan Cambry not with you the whole time?"

"What 'whole time'?" inquired Thir, with an innocent air. "You don't suppose young Mr. Cambray would have sat on the fence and watched the set-to between me and that vicious old horned beast without strolling around to give me a little moral support, do you? I'm not going to constitute myself Mr. Cambray's champion—having known him for so short a time, I'm not sufficiently up in the subject—and it would scarcely become me to declare that he's a modern Bayard against the contrary opinion of those who have known him all his life; but I'll give you warning that I'm prepared to debate the point till my breath fail me, if you're going to say that he's capable of sitting astride a gate and looking on while a slight girl like me is engaged in a wrestling-match with such a ferocious old crank as that cow of Mrs. Greenbury's! That's so, Miss Valland!"

During the laugh that followed this absurdly inflated speech Miss Valland eyed Thir's vivacious little face with the bitterest animosity. Evidently it was impossible to crush this high-spirited antagonist by fair means; and, as this certainly was forced upon her reluctant understanding, her lips tightened involuntarily, and she thought the matter out to its evil conclusion.

"So be it! Then I must use foul means! Fair or foul as the means may be, I must gain the end! I will gain, let the cost be what it may!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IT WAS towards the end of September that the news of Mr. Cambray's death was brought to the ladies at Dale Cottage. During the weeks that had passed since Thir had wrung his secret from Tryan Cambray, the two young people had been so careful that no one had an idea of their secret except Dora Valland, and even she had ceased to suspect them lately for lack of supporting evidence.

When Thir had given her willing consent to keeping the engagement a secret, she had never expected that the secrecy would become such a burden to her as it did in these early days of her lover's trouble. With all the eager sympathy of her nature aroused, she longed to be near his, if only for five minutes, to let him know how her heart was with him always in his loneliness and grief, how willingly she would have taken her share of it all if it had been possible. But it could not be, and she had to resign herself as well as she could to the observance of lee conveniences.

And so the mellow September days drifted past one by one, until the time came to dispense with that poor outward sign of respect for the dead, the closely-drawn window-blind, and the Quilter's Common people could let the soft autumnal sunshine into their front rooms again without fear of transgressing the proprieties.

Denis Cambray was laid to his final rest, at peace at last after all the turmoil and heart-breakings of an unusually tempestuous life, and still Thirza Bright's heart ached in vain for an opportunity of showing her sympathy with her lover.

At last, when three whole days had passed since the funeral without a sign from Tryan, her longing grew too much for her and conquered her prudence.

Tryan would not come to her; then she would go to him! Of course there were folk in the world who would call such a proceeding improper and unladylike, perhaps even unmaidenly; but, after all, what did the opinion of such people matter to her and Tryan? She knew and he knew exactly how they felt towards each other.

Surely they could afford to act as their natural feelings prompted them, regardless of the ill-natured comments of people they cared nothing about! There was just one other matter which prompted her to see him without delay. What if he had heard anything about that loathsome money of hers? What if his foolish pride had led him to take fright because of her riches?

This appalling prospect demolished her last scrap of reserve. She would go to Tryan and insist upon his keeping faith with her, even if, to conquer his pride, she were forced to appeal to his pity. If all other plans failed she would march boldly in at the lodge gates and send her name in to the new young master; but she would try other plans first.

And so, very early on the morning of the third day of the Squire's funeral, she scrambled over the stone wall at the bottom of her aunts' garden, as she had done on the eventful morning three months before, and stole quietly through the dim plantations until she came to the grassland, and, looking across a large smooth stretch of pasturage, obtained her first view of the house Tryan Cambray loved so well.

Seen from this side, the old Hall was not a particularly imposing building; but it was picturesque and home-like, with its irregular windows and uneven chimney stacks—the sort of place, as Thir admitted at the first glance, to "grow upon" one the more one saw of it.

But, after that first glance, she thought no more about the building, for a small half-glass door just opposite to her was opened quietly from within, and Tryan, looking pale and haggard in the clear morning light, came out and closed the door gently behind him, making straight for the spot where Thir stood in the shadow of the trees.

Tryan's black-and-tan terrier, following closely at her master's heels, scented the trespasser while they were yet only half-way across the paddock, and, running forward, drew up at a few yards' distance, every hair on her small quivering body bristling with anxious inquiry concerning the intentions of the intruder, while she warned her master of the stranger's presence by a low continuous growl.

As Tryan hurried towards Thir, there was no mistaking his joy at the meeting. The flash of pleasure in his eyes as they fell upon her was worth all she had risked in seeking the interview, she decided with enthusiasm—was even worth one of Aunt Polly's gentle serious rebukes; and the eager pressure of his lips, with its unspoken story of heart-loneliness, was worth the scorn of the whole world.

The little dog, her last faint doubt set at rest by her master's reception of the unknown, sniffed round Thir's skirts with soft whimperings and wagging tail, as if begging her share of greeting too. Tryan stooped and picked her up.

"Speak to Sheelah," he said; "she wants a cheery word badly. It was my father's dog, Thir; she has been his inseparable companion through all his weary sufferings."

Thir took the little creature in her arms and placed her cheek on its smooth head, and Sheelah wagged her tail feebly in appreciation; but she kept her large intelligent eyes on Tryan all the time, as if half fearful that he meant to desert her.

"You've been wanting me, Tryan," said Thir gently, setting the dog down and putting a rather timid hand up to her lover's shoulder; "you've been brooding too much, dear. You mustn't do it any more. Now is the time to show the stuff you're made of. And for him—your father, Tryan—you must think more of his release than your own loss, dearest."

"Yes—I do think so," he replied heavily, his sorrowful gaze wandering away to the pleasant old gray-stone house, as if he looked at the face of a faithful friend on the eve of a long separation—"I do that constantly. But it is everything together, Thir. It is not only the loss of him; it is the knowledge that everything I have cared for goes with him—the home, the old servants, the poor dumb brutes, the very life itself—all has to go. It is a sort of death in itself, this rooting up of the last remnants of the old life."

"But it is also the beginning of a new life, dear," she reminded him softly, longing to smooth away the lines of pain on his brow, yearning to kiss away the sorrowful drooping of his lips, and only withheld by the innate delicacy which warned her that his love for her, so lately born, might seem of trifling importance in this hour of acute grief. So she checked the loving impulse, and went on gently, "Let us hope it is the beginning of a brighter, more helpful life than the old one, dear it shall be, if any effort of mine can help to make it so, Tryan!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

A CHOKING SPIDER.—There is a spider in New Zealand that usually throws coils of its web about the head of its prey until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

THE ANT'S MOUTH.—The ant's mouth consists of a pair of powerful mandibles. In the case of warrior ants, which do the fighting of an ant community, the mandibles are the most prominent feature of the insect. They are so strong that when fixed in the flesh of an enemy the ant's head may be pulled off before the mandibles will loose their hold.

ALLIGATORS.—The Indians of Central and South America firmly believe that alligators swallow stones for the purpose of making themselves heavier, and thus capable of diving more easily. From whatever cause, the fact is certain that alligators do swallow stones, it being rarely the case that a saurian is killed without one or more stones, sometimes of considerable size, being found in its stomach.

THE TORTOISE.—It is generally agreed among naturalists that the tortoise is the longest lived of all animals. There are many instances of them attaining the extraordinary age of 250 years, while one is actually mentioned as reaching the unparalleled age of 405 years. Notwithstanding these examples, which, of course, are exceptionally rare, the ordinary tortoise only lives, on an average, from 100 to 150 years.

SEA GULLS.—Sea gulls are cunning birds. Recently one of them separated from several companions, and took his position on a log resting in the water. The under side of the log was covered with barnacles. The bird uttered peculiar cries, and was presently joined by several other gulls. A whispered conversation seemed to ensue, and then all the birds stood in a line on one side of the log, near the water. Their weight caused the log to revolve until the barnacle side was uppermost.

OLD LAMP-POSTS.—Some of the London lamp-posts are coeval with the general introduction of gas to London streets in 1816, and many that are now standing were first raised in their places when George IV. was king. Along Regent-Street are many of that era, of a somewhat curious classic design, with Roman fasces done in iron. In Waterloo Place there is a partly modernized lamp-post of William IV.'s time, as his number and initials testify on the pedestal of it.

GOATS AS LEADERS.—In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm of rain or hail drive the silly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner, so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and by a method best known to himself will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.

"GLASS HOUSES."—The old saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," originated at the union of the crowns, when London was for the first time inundated with Scotchmen. Jealous of their invasion, the Duke of Buckingham organised a movement against them, and parties were formed for the purpose of breaking the windows of their abodes. By the way of retaliation, a number of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, known as the "Glass House," Martin's-fields, and on his complaining to the king, his majesty replied: "Steenie, Steenie, those wha live in glass houses should be carefu' how they fling stanes."

A COSTLY MOUTHFUL.—A taste for diamonds is a sure sign of the height of extravagance, but the poor turkey who once dined off these gems was more sinned against than sinning. It belonged to a jeweler who left the bird, which was tame, in his shop. The pangs of hunger overcoming the turkey, it swallowed the best part of the tray of diamonds, without feeling less hungry than before. So it managed to escape from the place, and in due course it was caught and killed and prepared for the table. During these operations the cook was astounded when he came across a nice cluster of diamonds which he placed in the safe keeping of a lawyer. The man of law advertised the whole matter in the newspapers, and thus the jeweler again acquired the diamonds.

OUR GUESTS.

BY M. M.

The door of being stands ajar,
And guests will come and go;
And sometimes we can scarcely tell
The true friend from the foe:
Thus must we, who would honor gain,
Be careful whom we entertain.

Then we should gather round our hearth
Sweet Faith and Hope and Love;
Then Peace, with her attendants all,
About our home would move—
Peace-angels, brightening room and hall,
And mingling honey with the gall.

Ah! we may live a happy life,
Despite of strife and care,
For God hath made the bounteous earth
And sky surpassing fair;
If we, amidst our joy and pain,
Be careful whom we entertain.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

FOR the rest of that day he tried to employ his mind by working at a Blue Book on a subject which he intended taking up during the next Session; but, for the first time, he found that his acute and active brain would not work. He could not grasp the meaning of the sentences; he forgot one line before he had finished reading the next. Sometimes the whole page of print disappeared, and in its place floated the face which he had come to loathe and dread with a hatred and loathing beyond the power of words to describe.

He rose from the chair and clasped his head tightly.

"Am I going mad?" he asked himself. "No, it is the want of sleep! If I could only sleep, all these fancies"—he shuddered—"all this childish weakness, these visionary fears would leave me. I must get some sleep to-night."

He and the earl dined alone that evening, and Lord Averleigh remarked Stannard's appearance, and his lack of spirits.

"You appear to be anything but well, Stannard," he said.

Stannard started.

He had eaten scarcely anything, but had drunk pretty freely, though the generous wine had neither excited nor roused him; and he had almost forgotten where he was and the earl's presence. The inspector's words kept repeating themselves, in a dull and stupid fashion, somewhere at the back of his brain.

"I am afraid I am not quite the thing, sir," he said, forcing a smile. "I fancy I must have had a touch of fever in that beastly place I went to: or else I got a chill on the journey home. I shall be all right in a day or two—before the wedding," and he smiled again.

"You have not very much time," remarked the earl; "Janet and Eva come home to-morrow."

"Yes," said Stannard, almost to himself; "and the wedding takes place on Friday!"

"Not a particularly happy day," said the Earl, absently. "Why did you not make it Saturday?"

"Because we could not cross the Channel on Sunday—because it was more convenient. You don't want me to put the wedding off, I suppose?"

He spoke with an impatience and a kind of suppressed savageness which surprised the Earl, who had always found him so soft and bland of voice. But Lord Averleigh generously attributed the little outburst to a lover's natural impatience and irritation at the mere suggestion of delay.

"Certainly not, my dear Stannard!" he said. "Your marriage day will be a happy one for me as well as for you: though"—he added, with a sigh—"I could wish that it were taking place under brighter circumstances."

"I am not to blame for them," said Stannard, harshly, and with barely concealed resentment.

"No, you are alike suffering with ourselves," said the Earl, sadly.

Stannard tossed off a glass of port, and pushed the glass from him irritably; it struck the edge of the finger-glass, and broke off at the stem.

"I think it would be well, sir," he said, in a constrained voice, "if we were to try and forget the—the circumstances you allude to. The shadow they have caused has hung over us long enough. It's hard it should be allowed to darken my wedding-day."

"You are right," said the Earl, mildly. "We will try and forget it; though God knows it will be hard to do so! We must endeavor to make the wedding as bright a one as possible—for Eva's sake."

Stannard went to the library after dinner, and attacked the Blue Book again; but it was no good. He sat staring before him until late into the night, then he went to his room. A small travelling medicine-case, which he had taken abroad with him, stood on his dressing table. He took out a bottle of chloral, but hesitated before he measured out a dose.

Someone has said that anæsthetics are sent from Heaven. In some cases they may be; but in others their origin may be in a very different place. Stannard knew the peril attaching to the use of chloral; it is a drug of devilish insidiousness.

He drank his draught, and, for the first time, obtained a night's sleep; but he paid for it in the morning with a sickening headache, and nerves shattered into shreds.

There were certain preparations still to be made for the wedding. He went about them like a man in a dream; the wretched drug clung to him.

He took another and a larger dose that night, but his sleep was haunted by dreams, and he awoke the next morning with a still deeper depression, and with nerves that were more ragged than before.

But Eva was coming home that evening, and he must pull himself together; he drank champagne freely at intervals during the day, and the stimulant produced a fictitious gaiety which sat upon him strangely, and made him unlike himself.

He met Eva and Lady Janet at the station, and, though in his letters he had mentioned casually that he was not very well, both of them were startled by his appearance: but his pale and worn face; his evidently forced gaiety, which would have won the sympathy of a woman who loved him, only increased Eva's repugnance.

He dined at White Cot that night, and exerted himself to the utmost; but though he talked almost unceasingly, and laughed at times in a loud and strident way, his unnatural hilarity only served to embarrass the others.

"Stannard seems to have got the lover's madness on him to-night," whispered Mr. Winsdale, mischievously to Eva. "It is the bravado of the condemned man at sight of the scaffold."

Eva said nothing, but looked fixedly at her plate, her heart beating painfully.

"Only one day more, dearest," Stannard whispered, as he took leave of her in the hall. "If you knew how I have missed you, how I count the hours until you shall be mine! You are looking pale, my darling; I hope you have not been doing too much in London! But never mind; we have a delicious, idle time before us. We shall leave this cold and miserable England, and in a few hours be in the sunny south. There you and I together, alone, will find such happiness as only lovers like ourselves can dream of."

The picture thrilled him, and caused his eyes to flash, his cheeks to redden with a hectic flush; but his joy found no response in Eva's heart.

She lay awake that night. One more day and she would be a bride—the wife of Mr. Stannard Marshbank, M.P.; a rising man; Lord Averleigh's heir; perhaps the next bearer of the historic title. Most girls would have revelled in such prospective greatness. She shuddered when she thought of it, and wooed her mind to dwell upon the outcast—Heriot Fayne.

She came down to breakfast next morning looking very pale, and listened absently and in silence to her father's talk, which flowed more fluently and gracefully even than usual.

"About this time to-morrow, my dear Eva," he said, as he helped himself to an omelette, "you will be standing before the altar with our dear Stannard, and I shall be called upon to make the great sacrifice of my life!" He sighed as he shook a little more pepper on the omelette. "I wish you would tell them not to put quite so much parsley in these things. Yes, Stannard's gain will be my loss! It will break my heart to part with you, my dear Eva; but it is the parental lot, and I must bear it. You will not forget the lonely old man; you will allow him to come and sit in your chimney corner now and again, and witness your happiness? 'We live over again in our children,'" he quoted gracefully. "But, after all, I must not complain; indeed, I suppose," with a cynical smile, "I shall very soon be found guilty of alluding to my daughter as the Countess of Averleigh."

Eva was about to again remind him that Lord Averleigh was still alive, but she refrained. She rolled a cigarette for him, and left him to dream the morning away before his study fire, and she presently went out, for there seemed to be no air in the house, and the ceilings lowered upon her, the walls pressed around her.

As she walked across the moor she paused by the quarry and looked down into it. She was turning away when she heard footsteps behind her, and, looking round, saw Grace Warner. The color rose to Eva's face. For was not this the girl whom Heriot Fayne had loved well enough to deceive? She had seen Grace several times before this, but both girls had avoided each other.

Eva was therefore startled when she heard a voice say timidly and breathlessly—

"May—may I speak to you?"

She stopped, and, looking over Grace's hat in the way in which even the kindest and gentlest of women sometimes adopt, said coldly, and with some surprise—

"You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes," faltered Grace, with a timid and admiring glance at the blue eyes which were immediately afterwards lowered. "I beg your pardon; I do want to speak to you!"

"What can you have to say to me?" asked Eva, as coldly as before.

"Oh, don't make it hard for me!" pleaded Grace, faltering. "I have long wanted to speak to you, but I haven't been able to find courage. Every time I have looked at you you have looked away as if—as if I were not fit for your eyes to rest upon. I am bad, I know; but I am not so bad as you think! Won't you listen to me?"

"Yes, I will listen to you," said Eva, a trifle less coldly. "This girl was his lover," her heart kept saying. "What is it you want to speak to me about?"

"You are going to be married to-morrow," said Grace, almost inaudibly.

Eva assented by an inclination of her head.

"You mean 'What has that to do with you?'" said Grace. "And it hasn't much to do with me—and yet it has, for I feel as if it was all my fault. Oh! if you would only not be married; if you would put it off!"

Eva looked at her with troubled surprise. It was strange to hear another voice utter the longing that filled her own heart.

"Why should you wish me to put my marriage off?"

Grace looked from side to side, helplessly, desperately.

"Mr.—Mr. Stannard Marshbank is not what you think him," she said impulsively.

"What do you mean?" asked Eva.

Grace wrung her hands under her cloak.

"Oh! I cannot speak! I cannot tell you! I have given my promise!"

"Your promise? Whom have you promised?"

"Mr. Dick—Lord Fayne!" broke from Grace, pantingly.

Eva started slightly, and drew herself up proudly.

"What has Lord Fayne to do with me?" she asked, with a hauteur which only increased Grace's agitation and distress.

"Oh! I cannot tell you!" said Grace. "You think Mr. Marshbank is all that is good and Lord Fayne all that is wicked! You think that he committed murder—killed poor Ralph. He did not! He did not!"

Eva's breath came fast. She drew a step nearer to Grace.

"Do you know what you say?" she said, with deep agitation. "You say that Lord Fayne is innocent!"

"Yes! yes!" panted Grace. "But I must not say it. I must say nothing. I have promised him, and I will keep my promise."

"You have promised Lord Fayne to say nothing," said Eva. "Does he know that he is accused of murder?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know! Where is he?"

"I don't know; indeed, I don't know!" sobbed Grace.

"And you will keep your promise, though you, by doing so, permit an innocent man to be considered guilty?" exclaimed Eva, indignantly. "And you the woman he loved——"

"No, no!" cried Grace. "That is not true! Oh! how blind you are! Oh! if I could only tell you all I know! But I must not—I must not—until he gives me leave! If I could only persuade you not to marry Mr. Marshbank! I would do anything in the world to prevent you! For—for though you do not like me; though you look at me when you pass as if I were not fit for your eyes to rest on, and sometimes as if you hated me, I do not hate you! I want to save you, if I can!"

"To save me?" breathed Eva. Grace's words, her agitation, her deep emotion, communicated themselves to Eva. "To save me? What do you mean?"

"To save you from Mr. Marshbank!" gasped Grace. "If you knew what he is, what he has done——" She stopped suddenly, as if constraining herself.

Eva stood with her hand pressed to her heart, and looked Grace steadily in the face.

Because she was quite ready to hear anything against Stannard, she summoned her sense of justice to her aid.

"What have you to say against Mr. Marshbank?" she said. "What has he done?"

Grace opened her lips as if to give the required information, as if to unburden her heart, then checked herself.

"I cannot tell you!" she said. "I have given my promise." And under the stress of her emotion her voice and manner appeared almost sullen.

Eva began to freeze. She raised her head proudly.

"I do not understand you," she said. "You hint—insinuate—something to Mr. Marshbank's discredit. You refuse to speak plainly, to accuse him definitely. Whatever you accuse him of I should go to him and tell him of it, and hear what he has to say. That is simple justice. Perhaps that is what you are afraid of?"

Grace was silent.

"You say," continued Eva, "that—Lord Fayne," her voice quivered slightly as she spoke his name, "has made you promise to remain silent about something, something against Mr. Marshbank. Where is Lord Fayne? If he has anything to say against Mr. Marshbank, if he has an answer to the charge that is hanging over his head, why does he not come forward and give it?"

Grace turned her face away in speechless and poignant despair.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" asked Eva, in a low, sad voice.

She waited a moment, then walked away.

Grace's well-meant attempt to save her had been in vain.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ON this, the night before the wedding, what might be called the marriage party dined at the Court.

A couple of distant cousins of Eva's had come down to act as bridesmaids. They were two bright girls, delighted at the prospect of a wedding, and still more delighted with their important share in it.

They had never seen Eva before, for Mr. Winsdale, like most men of his temperament, carefully avoided his relations. They fell in love with Eva "right away," as our foreign cousins so graphically put it; they told each other in the jargon of the day that she was "too lovely for anything;" but they remarked, while they were dressing for the party at the Court, that she was a little too pale, even for a bride-elect, and that she seemed to take the business in hand more seriously than even it deserved.

"Though I am not sure," said the other girl, reflectively, with her pretty head on one side, "that paleness doesn't suit her style of beauty. That ivory complexion always looks loveliest without any pink in it."

"Yes," said the younger, "she looks like a picture of Burne-Jones'—only beautiful, which some of his aren't. Now, when I go pale, I look washed out, as if I had been sea-sick. I wonder what kind of a man Mr. Marshbank is—I've never seen him; but papa says that he is remarkably clever, and is sure to make a great name."

"It is a very good match for her," said the elder girl; "he is sure to be the next earl."

"I hope she will ask us to come and stay with her when she is the countess—I have fallen head over heels in love with her."

"And yet she isn't a bit demonstrative," remarked the elder; "she hasn't even kissed us."

The younger girl made a grimace.

"I rather think I like her for that," she said; "I'm not very fond of being kissed."

"Nor am I—by women," said the other, dryly; "the women who hate you most are always the most ready to kiss you."

"Thanks;" retorted the younger girl with a laugh; "you and I will only shake hands for the future, if you please, Amy. Well, whatever kind of man Mr. Marshbank is, he is a very fortunate one. If I were a man, I should be simply mad

about Eva. Just fancy having those eyes of hers looking kindly at you! Men always think a great deal more of a sweet look or a soft word from an undemonstrative girl like Eva than they do from the ordinary run of girls like ourselves."

"Speak for yourself," said Amy, "I'm not aware that I grin and purr like a Cheshire cat upon all mankind. But you are quite right. I can quite understand any man losing his senses over her. Well, I hope she will be happy!"

"You say that as if you don't think she will," said the younger girl.

The other shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"That kind of girl," she said, "isn't made happy very easily. This afternoon, while I was looking at her, I fancied that I saw a kind of sadness in her eyes, and when she smiled the look grew more marked."

"Oh! it was only your fancy! Marriage is a serious thing. And then there is this dreadful business of Lord Fayne and the murder!" She lowered her voice. "I daresay she was thinking of that. After all, it isn't too pleasant to be marrying into a family with such a charge hanging over the head of the eldest son. Is that the second bell? Good gracious—and I have not done my hair yet! Did you notice the way Eva had got hers? It was quite simple, and yet it looked—well, as I should never be able to get mine to look if I worried at it for a week."

Stannard Marshbank had found some little difficulty in getting a best man. Clever and rising man as he was, he had absolutely no friends; and it was only the prospect of a week's shooting which had tempted a young fellow—one of Stannard's acquaintances of the House of Commons—to come down to play the part. He had brought a young brother with him, and these two, in their adjoining dressing-rooms, were discussing the bridegroom at the same time the two girls were discussing the bride.

"Splendid old place, isn't it, Harry?" said the best man, whose name was Gerald Wilson.

"Yes, quite baronial," replied his brother; "and the Earl matches the place. He looks every inch 'a belted Earl.' But—I don't want to hurt your feelings, Gerry—but I don't think much of your friend, Marshbank."

"You won't hurt my feelings," said Gerald, coolly; "and I don't mind telling you—is that door shut?—that I don't think much of him myself."

"I thought he was a friend of yours?"

"Well—well, not exactly. I know him in the House, and I've sat on committees with him, and I meet him at the club, and all that; but I can't call myself a friend of his. The fact is, Marshbank is rather a reserved kind of a fish, and he is not very intimate with anyone. I did hesitate a good deal when he asked me to come and be his best man—weddings aren't much in my way—and I've never played the part before. Besides, as I say, it seemed rather rum being best man to a fellow one knew so little of. However, he made a point of it, and pressed me, and said I might bring you, and a couple of guns——"

"What a thing it is to have an unselfish older brother!" remarked Harry.

"And Marshbank is a sort of man who will have a good deal of influence by-and-by, and I may want a snug place for myself or you—you young cub."

"Thanks," said Harry, from the other room. "You couldn't give me a white necktie, could you?"

"No," growled Gerry; "do you think I am a walking hosier's shop?"

"Yes, though it isn't the proper thing to criticise your host's nephew, I must say I don't like the look of Mr. Stannard Marshbank. And, judging by his countenance, I should feel inclined to suspect that you had brought me down to assist at a funeral instead of a wedding, Gerry."

"Same thing, usually."

"And it isn't only his melancholy look that I object to; there's something about the expression of his eyes that does not please me."

"What's it matter to you?" said Gerry, surtly; "you haven't got to marry him."

"No, and I'm precious glad that none of my women folk have to either. I shouldn't like Nell, for instance"—Nell was their sister—"to marry a man who looked as if he had stolen the silver spoons, and was in continual fear of being found out."

"Rot."

"No, it isn't," said Harry, with the self-confidence of youth, "for that's what he does look like. Why, the man can't look you straight in the face! All the time we were having tea in the hall, just now, and he was talking to us, he was looking down on the ground, or up at the ceiling, or at the wall on either side of him; but when he thought we weren't looking at him he shot a glance or two at you, as if he were trying to discover what you thought of him. No, I don't envy his bride! But there is no accounting for taste. What's Miss Winsdale like, Gerry?"

"You'll see her directly. She and the other mourners are coming here to dinner. I saw her in London. She's one of the most beautiful girls I ever met, and one of the nicest, I should say."

"Poor girl," said Harry. "I suppose its the old story; she has sold herself for the prospect of a coronet. What a thundering shame it is! Here are you and I, as good-looking as they make them—at least I am and we might howl until we are black in the face, and we shouldn't persuade any girl to marry us, just because we haven't any oof, and not the slightest chance of coming into a title."

"Shut up you—you young idiot; you'd talk the hind leg off a donkey," said his brother. "And, look here, don't you come any of your tricks with Miss Winsdale. You confine your flirting to the other girls; Marshbank's not the sort of man to stand any nonsense. He looks as if he could be as jealous as Othello. So just you mind."

"All right," said Harry, with an air of resignation. "But I'm sorry you mentioned it, for I should have enjoyed putting that fellow's back up. But, now you have mentioned it, I'll carefully avoid the bride, and confine my attentions to Lady Janet, who's the dearest and sweetest old lady I ever met in my life. Yes, Gerry, my boy, you have always every reason to be proud of your brother, but on this occasion I mean to surpass myself, and fill you with humble gratitude for being privileged to belong to me."

But, though he had promised not to flirt with her, the light-hearted boy was deeply impressed by Eva, when he was introduced to her in the dining room just before dinner; and he found an opportunity of whispering to his brother, with a suppressed groan—

"Oh, my, Gerry, just fancy that lovely creature chucked away upon that fellow!"

Stannard had taken half a bottle of champagne in his own room before dinner, and succeeded in concealing the expression which had so displeased the younger Wilson.

He talked and laughed, and was, if not exactly the soul of the party, an admirable imitation thereof. He related some amusing incidents that had occurred during his journey; was delightfully attentive to the two bridesmaids; bandied repartees with Mr. Winsdale; was charmingly genial, and yet delicately respectful to the Earl; and talked sport with Master Harry, and politics with his brother.

He seldom addressed Eva, but every now and then his eyes wandered to her with an expression of devotion and passion, mingled with something else, that was too vague to be called fear and uneasiness.

He drank freely, but kept a guard upon himself; and Harry Wilson was beginning to persuade himself that the look which he had so much disliked, was merely accidental, and arising from the natural nervousness of a man in Stannard's position, but when the ladies had left the room, and the men were alone, he saw the look come into Stannard's eyes once more. Once or twice in the middle of a conversation Stannard would stop, or his attention would stray, and he would seem as if he were listening to something the other men did not hear, or saw something invisible to them.

The Earl rose presently.

"Do not let me take you from your wine, gentlemen," he said; "I wish to go into the drawing-room. Stannard, please take my place."

When he entered the drawing-room he had some cases in his hand, and he carried them straight to Eva.

"My dear," he said, in his simple, yet courtly fashion, his eyes resting upon her with a gentle smile. "Here are some things Janet bought for me to give you. I hope you will like them."

They all gathered round her as he placed the cases on the table before her, and when, flushing faintly, Eva opened the cases one by one, and disclosed the exquisite gems, an exclamation of awed admiration and delight rose from the bridesmaids. Their eyes sparkled, they held their breath, and clasped their hands.

"Oh, Eva," exclaimed Amy.

Eva herself was dazzled, and almost bewildered by the beauty and magnificence of the presents. For the first time the two girls saw her face suffused with color. She lifted her eyes to the Earl's face with affectionate gratitude, and then, obeying an irresistible impulse, she put both her hands lightly upon his shoulder, and kissed him.

The Earl was much touched by the embrace, for Eva was not a demonstrative girl, and a kiss from her meant very much indeed; and he looked down at her, and patted her arm, with that mixture of fondness and reverence which is so dear to the heart of every woman.

When Stannard came in, he, too, had a present, but he kept the case containing a very beautiful diamond heart in his pocket; he would give it to Eva when they were saying good-bye that night. He, too, admired Lord Averleigh's presents, and while he examined them a glow of satisfaction warmed him somewhat; the costly jewels were a kind of earnest of the great things for which he had worked, and which would presently fall to him.

He held one of the cases in his hand, and was dilating on the exquisite taste with which the gems were arranged, when a footman approached him, and in a low voice said—

"Mr. Jones would be glad if you could see him for a moment, sir."

The case fell from Stannard's hand, and the jewels tumbled a glittering cascade on the floor. He knelt down and picked them up, and so concealed the sudden pallor of his face from the group, and his voice was quite calm as he told the servant that he would be with Mr. Jones directly.

On his way to the library, he looked in at the dining-room, and helped himself to a liquor glass of brandy. Then he held out his hand, and looked at it until it had become quite steady. To all appearances he was perfectly self-possessed, and at ease as he entered the library.

Mr. Jones was standing in the middle of the room, and he closed the door after Stannard, and looking him straight in the face, said gravely—

"I must apologize, Mr. Marshbank, for disturbing you at this hour of the evening, but I thought you would like to know that a steamer leaves London for Argentina to-morrow afternoon."

Stannard gripped the edge of the table, and his face went white.

"What on earth has this to do with me? Why do you tell me this?" he demanded, trying to speak in a tone of amazed surprise.

Mr Jones kept his eyes on his steadily.

"I thought you would like to take the trip, Mr. Marshbank," he said, slowly and impressively; "Argentina is a very interesting place, and its people and constitution well worth studying. The country is full of resources, and possesses many advantages. For instance, there is no extradition treaty in force there; once a man gets over there he is beyond the reach of gentlemen of my profession."

"I don't understand," said Stannard, with an affected stare.

"No?" said Mr. Jones; "I thought perhaps you might. Just think for a moment."

Stannard bit his lip and looked hard at the floor. How much did the man know? Not much, or he would arrest him instead of warning him. Yes, Mr. Jones was playing a game of bluff. Well, he, Stannard, could play it, too!

"I haven't the least notion of what you mean, Mr. Jones," he said, lifting his eyes, but slowly, as if there was a weight upon the drooping lids.

"All right, Mr. Marshbank," said Mr. Jones; "I've brought you this little bit of shipping intelligence because I thought it might be of service to you. But if you prefer to remain in England and marry a young lady who is as innocent of the world, and of the wicked ways of men, as a child, why I can do no more, and can only say I am sorry for her."

Stannard forced a smile. It was rather a ghastly one, though it had something of triumph and defiance in it.

"If I didn't know that you were an extremely temperate man, Mr. Jones," he said, "I should be tempted to think that you had been sacrificing at the shrine of Bacchus!"

"No, I am quite sober, Mr. Marshbank," said Mr. Jones; "I wish you good evening."

He paused at the door, and smoothed his hat as if he were giving Stannard time to change his mind; then, as Stannard neither spoke nor moved, Mr. Jones murmured—

"Well, I've done my best—poor young lady!" and went out.

Stannard sank into a chair and wiped the perspiration from his face.

"What does he know?" he muttered. "Something, or he wouldn't dare—— The steamer starts to-morrow; I've time to think it over! If I decide to go—Eva goes with me!"

He returned to the drawing room after a time. The presence of the young people had brought a cheerful atmosphere which had been long absent from the Court. One of the young ladies was singing, and Master Harry was bending over her with that air of devotion with which he always commenced a flirtation.

After the girl had finished her song Harry volunteered, and performed a comic ditty which made all of them laugh, and increased the general cheerfulness. An encore was demanded, and Harry was in the middle of the last fashionable coster song, when a slight noise was heard in the hall. The door was flung open, and the tall figure of a man stood just within the room.

Eva happened to be looking in his direction, and was the first to see him. She uttered a faint cry, and tried to rise, but she seemed paralized.

The Earl, who was sitting beside her, saw her agitation, looked towards the door, and sprang to his feet, crying—

"Heriot!"

CHAPTER XL.

LADY JANET echoed the cry with an accent of horror and terror. In an instant her consternation had communicated itself to the others, and they stood and stared at the tall figure as if it were a ghost.

The Earl was the first to recover himself. He strode to the door, closed it, turned the key, and confronted Heriot.

"Heriot! Can it be you? What are you doing here?"

Heriot scarcely glanced at him; he seemed to have no eyes for anyone but Eva, and the eyes burnt like coals in the pale, worn face.

"Am I too late?" he asked, hoarsely.

At the sound of his voice Lady Janet was released from the spell of fear and horror which had reduced her to utter helplessness. She rose and went to him, and clasped his arm, and looked up into his face as if she could not realise the actuality of his presence.

"Heriot!" she gasped; "you, here?"

He let his hand fall upon her shoulder. "Yes, I am here," he said. "Am I in time? Are they—are they married?"

The spectators exchanged terrified glances; no one seemed able to speak for a moment.

"No," said the Earl, "and your return may render the marriage impossible! Why have you come back to bring shame and disgrace upon us all?" His voice grew stern. "Why did you not remain in hiding and leave us to try and forget your existence?"

Heriot looked at him with eyes as stern as his father's.

"Ask me, rather, Why I ever went?" he said, bitterly.

The Earl looked at him as if he thought him mad.

"What is it you say?" he said. "Do you not know the charge that is hanging over your head? Do you not know—have you forgotten—that you are accused of the murder of Ralph Forster?"

"I know it!" said Heriot.

"And knowing it," said the Earl, hoarsely, "you can run this fearful risk! If you have no consideration for your own safety—your own life—have you none for those whose name you bear? Have you not brought enough sorrow upon us already? Can you not be satisfied until you have covered us with infamy?"

The two men, father and son, looked at each other; it almost seemed as if they had forgotten the presence of others.

"And you believe me guilty of a cowardly murder?" said Heriot, with a world of indignant bitterness in his voice. "You all believe it?"

His eyes swept the room, but rested for a moment on Eva's white face. Her lips parted as if to utter the word "No!" which sprang from her heart; but her voice would not come at her command.

"No," said the Earl, "I did not believe you guilty of a cowardly murder—I did not even believe that you had killed the man, until you yourself confessed it!"

"I? I confessed it? It is a lie? Who told it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

By cultivating the beautiful we scatter the seeds of heavenly flowers; by doing good, we foster those already belonging to humanity.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

BY W. W. LONG.

Through the darkness softly falling
Over hill and plain,
There will come bright days of beauty,
Flowers will bloom again.

In the lanes will bloom sweet roses,
On the hills the violet;
Spring will dress the earth with blossoms,
There is nothing to regret.

Sally.

BY L. T. M.

THE time was midsummer. A girl in a very plain and neatly made cotton dress was standing by an open window. Creepers twined all round the window, some of them peeping into the room. Jessamine, monthly roses, and the deep waxy petals of the magnolia were amongst the blossoms.

A light soft breeze fanned the girl's cheeks and brought into the room great wafts of sweetness from the flowers which surrounded the window and which filled the beds in the garden beneath.

"Hello, Sally!" exclaimed a gay voice; "there you are as usual in one of your day dreams. What are you exciting yourself about this morning? It is neither choir-practising day nor school-treat day. As far as I can tell, there is nothing on—nothing whatever, and yet you look—— Stop dreaming if you can, and let us begin breakfast. Do come and take your place at the head of the table."

Sally Erskine followed her sister without another word. She seated herself before the tea-tray, and with a quick, rather impatient movement began to perform her office of tea-making.

Anne Erskine cut slices of bread from a loaf, and scolded two round-faced, ruddy-looking boys. Mr. Erskine raised his eyes from a letter he was reading, and nodded affectionately to Sally.

Shortly afterwards Sally was heard to exclaim excitedly, after pouncing on a letter beside her plate:

"I've got the scholarship, papa. The scholarship from the 'Minerva Magazine'—thirty pounds a year for three years. I am first on the scholarship list. The editor says so; this is his letter. Oh, who would have believed it possible! Now I may go to Newnham or Girton."

"What does Sally mean by saying she has got a scholarship, Anne?" asked Mr. Erskine.

"I'll explain it to you, papa. Sally, do eat your breakfast, and allow me to speak. You are scarcely responsible at the present moment. It is this way, papa. Sally and I have taken the 'Minerva Magazine' for the last year. You have noticed it, I am sure, for I've seen you reading it. Well, papa, the 'Minerva Magazine' offers a big prize—a scholarship they call it—to the girl who comes out first in a certain competition. She has to go through a very stiff training, and the person who adjudges the prize is a real professor."

"It is thirty pounds a year for three years. And six hundred girls competed for it. And it isn't a prize; it is a scholarship—the Minerva Scholarship. I'm distinguished for life. Oh, do let me give you another good hug!"

Mr. Erskine rose hurriedly to his feet.

"I'm going out," he said. "I ought to be in the four-acre field now. See that the boys go off to school in good time, Anne. Sally isn't quite responsible."

He nodded in a gentle, affectionate way to his family and left the room. Anne hurried her brothers over their breakfast, and Sally, her cheeks flushed, her eyes like stars, read and re-read her precious letter.

As soon as the two girls found themselves alone, Sally looked full at Anne, and said in an emphatic voice:

"Then the matter is quite settled; I go to Newnham in October."

"My dear Sally, you know how strong our father's prejudice is."

"We must get over it, Anne. My mind is made up. I shall spend three years at one of the women's colleges, and then start a career of my own."

"I don't believe our father will consent," said Anne, "and even if he did, thirty pounds a year would not cover your expenses."

"No; but thirty pounds a year will help largely towards them; and then you must not forget I have my share of mother's money. I shall be of age in a few weeks now, and then the money is my own absolutely. Oh, Anne, life seems really worth living at last!"

Sally sprang from her seat at the breakfast table as she spoke; she was a tall, slightly built girl with clear, open, brown eyes, a round face with rosy cheeks, a good-humored mouth, and a white, rather broad forehead.

Anne was small, thin, and pale; she was generally considered Sally's inferior both in appearance and ability, but she was far more reliable than her elder sister.

The Erskines were not a rich family. Mr. Erskine had inherited a small farm from his father. He was supposed to manage it entirely himself. Whether he did manage it is an open question; he certainly contrived to lose money over it year after year.

Sally was the ostensible mistress of the old farm-house, but Anne did most of the work and took more than her share of the trouble. Mr. Erskine was gentlemanly and inert. He was fond of his children, but he did not like them to worry him. He disliked undue excitement of any sort. His breakfast hour this morning had not been at all to his taste, and in his heart of hearts he owned to a feeling of regret that Sally should have got the scholarship.

"These new-fangled ideas are the ruin of women," he murmured as he walked slowly to the four-acre field. "Sally won't be herself for days after this undue excitement. What will be the consequences? Nothing fit to eat will appear upon the table. Those hard-boiled eggs I ate at breakfast are giving me indigestion already. Oh, if women would but recognise the fact that they are sent into the world to be good daughters first, and good wives afterwards!"

On his way home to early dinner Mr. Erskine was overtaken by a pleasant-faced young man, who owned a farm adjoining his own.

"How do you do, Tom?" said Mr. Erskine, nodding to him. "Are you coming to join our dinner? I warn you, you had better not. There'll be nothing fit to eat." And then he told him of the scholarship and Sally's success. "But you seem glad at the news!"

"Well," replied Tom Ross, "from my own point of view, I suppose I ought to be sorry, because she'll be less inclined than ever to say yes to me. Still," continued the young man, carried away by a vision of Sally's ecstasy, "I'm honestly glad for her sake, for she has deserved this prize. I'll come back with you, Mr. Erskine, and take my chance of a badly-cooked dinner."

"Tom," said Sally, rushing out to meet her lover, and grasping him by the hand, "I know papa has told you, so I need not go over the news again. Anne and I have been arranging everything, and we have just written to Newnham for particulars with regard to the entrance examination. If all is well, I hope to enter Newnham in October. What's the matter, Tom? Aren't you delighted; don't you congratulate me?"

"Yes, Sally, I congratulate you."

"Aren't you glad?"

"For your sake I am glad, but——"

"Oh, don't let us have any dismal 'buts' to-day. If you intend to be very nice and cheerful, and if you mean to take my part during dinner, you may stay and play tennis afterwards."

Tom Ross promised vehemently; he would uphold Sally, and look cheerful, and be as nice and as apparently delighted as if he were her brother; nevertheless, he could not help a queer sort of ache which filled his heart whenever he looked at the bright, excited girl. She had never been more charming; her little saucy speeches were never more piquant; her quick, bright, sunshiny way had never proved more fascinating. Even Mr. Erskine could not help smiling when he looked at her; and the boys stopped devouring pudding to laugh at her witty remarks; while Anne's small pale face was lit up with absolute worship.

But Tom's heart would go on aching, for he felt down in its depths that Sally was farther away from him than ever. She knew his greatest wish; she knew that he lived for her alone; but he was well aware that the event of to-day had put an almost impassable barrier between him and his hopes.

After dinner Sally addressed him eagerly.

"I shall be three years at Newnham," she said; "we won't see much of each other during that time."

"No," he replied sadly; "but if I thought——"

"Oh, please, Tom, don't think anything. All my future career is delightfully planned, and I must not disclose it at present, even to you. Oh, how happy I feel! I've only one slight thing left to dread—my little tussle with papa."

"By the way," said Ross suddenly, "I am told that life at one of the women's colleges is expensive. You can't manage to live at Newnham on thirty pounds a year, you know, Sally."

"No, Tom; but don't you remember, I shall be of age on the first of August, and I am then to have a thousand of my very own. That is my share of mother's money. Anne is to have a thousand pounds also when she's of age. I mean to take some of that money to supplement the thirty pounds a year. Why, Tom, what is the matter? How white you have turned!"

"It's the sun, I expect," said Ross. "Let us go and stand in the shade, Sally. Did I hear you aright when you said you were to have a thousand pounds the day you came of age?"

"Yes; that is the half of my mother's money. Can you possibly know anything about it? How queer you look!"

"The sun struck on my head rather fiercely. Shall we have a game of tennis? There's Charlie looking unutterable things at us for not beginning."

"But do you know anything about the money?"

Ross did not answer; he seemed suddenly to have turned deaf.

Sally gave him a queer, perplexed look; then, laughing off an undefined fear, she entered heart and soul into the game.

A couple of days afterwards she found an opportunity to acquaint her father with her decision, and discussed the matter fully while walking beside him. But he uttered a decided negative, and said she would never get his consent to go to college. And he found plenty of old-fashioned opinions to back up his decision.

"I shall never give you permission to go to college; so you had better drop the subject, once and for all."

"Not once and for all," said Tom Ross, who had been standing like a sentinel by the roadside, and who now nodded to Sally and joined the group. "I know all about the matter under discussion, Mr. Erskine, and it cannot be dropped in this summary fashion. It must be thrashed out, and you must give adequate reasons for denying Sally her very natural wish."

What was the matter? Why did Sally suddenly slip her hand out of her father's arm, and give Tom Ross a quick, excited glance of gratitude? And then, why did the little coward put wings to her feet and run away?

Tom linked his arm in Mr. Erskine's, and immediately began to speak, and Mr. Erskine never even knew that Sally had left them.

Two hours later, Mr. Erskine and Tom Ross returned together. Sally was pacing listlessly up and down in front of the house. When Mr. Erskine saw his daughter he went at once into the house, but Ross came up to the young girl's side, and taking both her hands in one of his, said, in a voice of some agitation:

"It's all right, Sally; you are to go."

She turned white when he said this, clasped her hands, and looked away. Sudden tears of relief and joy filled her bright brown eyes.

"Yes, Sally," continued Ross, "it's all right for you. You are to have the wish of your heart. You are to go out of this snug little nest into the cold world. You are glad to go. Oh, Sally, Sally, I hope the world will treat you well!"

"Yes, Tom, it will, it will. Oh, I am so excited I can scarcely speak calmly. I can scarcely thank you, dear Tom, but my heart feels full of thanks. You do not know what it would have been to me had this wish of mine come to nothing. I think I should have gone about with a broken heart. Don't laugh, Tom; girls' hearts can be broken when the wish which lies nearest to them is denied."

"When the wish which lies nearest to them," repeated Ross, in a sad voice; "and is this your very, very dearest wish, Sally?"

He looked at her anxiously. His honest blue eyes gazed straight into hers. She returned their glance frankly and fully. Then some message with which they were full seemed to penetrate into her heart and give her pain. She looked away, and a quick blush mounted her cheeks.

"Tom," she said, "you are the dearest and best fellow in the world; but I must have my wish; I must go to college and learn all those things which make women strong and brave and useful; those things which are now recognized as part of a good woman's education. I have got brains, and I will use them; I must cease to be a doll."

"Oh, you were never that," he answered. A sigh which he could not prevent escaped him. Soon afterwards he took his leave.

That evening Mr. Erskine called Sally to him, and said a few words to her.

"I do not approve of your scheme," he said, "but I yield to your wishes. Circumstances oblige me to defer my own feelings to yours. You can go to college, Sally, and turn yourself into one of those odious men-women. It is Ross's doing; you have him to thank for it; the fact is you do not half deserve that good fellow's honest affection."

Sally pouted when her father said this; she was in no mood just now to think much of Tom. The money would be forthcoming; her wish was granted. In October she could go to Newnham, and then, hey, presto! she had all the world before her. Never was a girl happier than this one during the next few weeks.

Sally consulted Ross about each step in her future career. Should she go in for a wranglership? or should she take up classics? or should she be quite modern, and learn French and German so well that they should be considered her native languages?

"I should like to take up every subject," she exclaimed once or twice in her enthusiasm.

Mr. Erskine heard her make a remark of this kind. He was the only one who never laughed or seemed cheerful about her prospects.

"Go in for everything certainly," he answered with sarcasm, "and fail. That sentence of yours was exactly what I should expect from a woman, Sally."

But summer days end and a very abrupt stop was put to this period of mirth and holiday-making.

One morning Mr. Erskine did not make his usual appearance at breakfast. Anne went up-stairs to see what was the matter. She found her father looking weak and languid; he said his heart troubled him, and if Anne liked she might send for their old friend Dr. Barnes.

The doctor arrived in the course of the morning; he made a careful examination of his patient, and then said some words to poor little Anne which startled her very much. She managed to hide her feelings while in her father's presence, but Sally found her afterwards in a state almost bordering on hysterics, for the old doctor had given Mr. Erskine only a few days to live.

Tom Ross appeared on the scene as a matter of course, and was most helpful to the girls. He sat up night after night with the invalid, and did more for his comfort than any hired nurse could have done.

A certain morning came when the young fellow appeared with a blanched face, and asked for Sally.

"Your father wants you," he said to her. "He asked for you several times during the night, and now he will not be denied. I do not think he can live out the day, Sally; and—and—I could not help it, dear."

Tom's look was full of deprecation. Sally wondered what was the matter. What was it that he could not help?

She entered her father's room in her white summer dress, the bloom of early summer in her cheeks and lighting up her eyes. She could not realise that death was already on the threshold of the home. Every one spoke of Mr. Erskine's danger, but Sally did not recognise it a bit. She felt sure that he must soon be well again. She entered the room now, hushed in her mood, but by no means despondent.

"Well, dear papa," she said, her voice set a little lower than its wont, but her tone cheerful. "You have sent for me, papa; I am so glad you want me," she continued. Then her eyes fell upon the gray and dying face on the pillow, and all further words were arrested. She dropped on her knees by the bedside, and laid her blooming cheek against the dying man's cold hand.

"I want you to promise me something, Sally," he said in a harsh and broken voice. "I have something to tell you, and I want you on your part to make me a promise."

"Of—of course, papa."

* * * * * *

That evening Mr. Erskine died. There was mourning and weeping in the house; but, to the surprise of every one, Sally scarcely shed a tear.

Old Dr. Barnes did not like her appearance. He said the blow had stunned her—and that in reality she was feeling her bereavement much more than her sister and brothers.

Something had certainly occurred which had taken all the May sunshiny look out

of her face. She made no confidences, however, and spent most of her time moping in her own room.

"I shall be quite glad when Sally goes away to Newnham," said Anne, speaking to Tom Ross. "I never did know that she was so much attached to papa. All the spring seems taken out of her life."

Tom made no reply. His own face looked haggard and worn. He was the best of brothers to Anne, but she noticed that he ceased to confide in her. His blue eyes looked full of trouble when she spoke of Sally.

Mr. Erskine was dead a fortnight, and Anne seemed slighter and thinner than ever in her deep mourning.

"By the way, Tom," she continued, looking up at him, "we know nothing about the—the affairs."

"What affairs, Anne?"

"The money. We don't know how we are left; Mr. Johnson, my father's man of business, promised to call to see us, but he has not yet done so. I know that Sally and I inherit a thousand pounds apiece from our mother, but—— What is the matter, Tom? How white you look!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted a boyish voice. "Is that you, Anne, eroning away as usual? Oh, and Tom Ross is with you, of course. Why, Tom, you're looking pasty. George and I have had such a race over the moors. We met the postman, and he gave us a letter. It's for Sally; it's her scholarship, I expect. 'The Minerva Magazine' is written across the flap of the envelope. Lucky Sally, say I! Wouldn't George and I like to have a dip into that thirty pounds. What is it, Ross? what do you want?"

"Give me that letter," said Ross.

He took it out of the boy's unwilling hand, then taking him by the shoulders, pushed him gently out of the room.

"Now Anne," said Ross, coming up to the young girl and speaking eagerly, "if you like, I'll give this letter to Sally. I expect Charlie is right, and that there is a check in it. If so, it will give me just the opportunity I want. Can't you send her down to me here; or, better still, send her into the garden, where I can meet her."

"How white you look, Tom! and your hand trembles."

"You know, Anne, what all this means to me. But I can't speak of it even to you. Run, like a dear, and ask Sally to come to me."

Anne departed, and Tom went out into the garden.

A great excitement was over him; he was shaken out of his habitual calm.

The evening was lovely, and the last rays of a glorious sunset were fading from the sky, when Sally, dishevelled in appearance, red rims round her eyes, and her bright hair pushed untidily back from her forehead, came out into the garden.

She, too, was in black, but her mourning partook of the disordered state of her mind. It was not trim and neat like Anne's, but was put on carelessly. Her black dress did not become Sally. She needed light and soft draperies to set off her peculiar bright beauty.

The girl who advanced timidly now to meet Tom Ross looked something like a delicate flower broken at the roots. She held her garden hat on one arm; her steps were very slow.

"See what I've got for you, Sally;" said Ross.

He came towards her, holding up the letter. She looked at it with listless indifference. He turned the envelope, and showed the words "Minerva Magazine" written across the flap.

"It's the scholarship money, Sally," he whispered. "You'll want it, you know, dear, to help towards your expenses at Newnham."

"I'm not going," she said, suddenly turning white as death. "You know that, Tom, and it's very, very cruel of you to torture me."

"I thought you had some stupid idea of that sort in your mind," said Ross. "I am very glad you have come out here, so that we may fully talk over the whole matter. Give me your hand, Sally—how cold it is?—Why do you turn away from me? Why have you kept aloof from me during these miserable days?"

"Tom, you know the reason."

"Yes, my poor little love, I do know. Come, we'll walk up and down here where no one can see us. Sally, I did not want your father to say what he did to you, but I don't think he was quite responsible that morning, and the knowledge weighed on him. I'd have given half of all I possess to save you from the trouble I knew his words would bring."

"I promised him," said Sally in a slow, listless voice. "He told me all about it, and I made my promise. I said I'd give Newnham up. It's not such a trial as you think, Tom," she continued, looking steadily at him, while tears brimmed into her eyes. "The heart has gone out of me, somehow, and I never could go in for a wrangiership, or any of the nice things I used to talk about, when I felt fresh and springy and young. The dreadful thing about me, however, is this, Tom, that I can't thank you—you, who have been noble—yes, noble; but I can't thank you."

"It wasn't noble of me to do things for you. I'd give my life gladly for you, so you can understand that a little money means nothing."

"Father told me," continued Sally, "what you had done. He said he had spent the two thousand pounds which he had in trust for Anne and me, and that you had given it back to him on condition that he let me go to Newnham. He said that he could not die with the load of all this obligation on his mind. He said he must tell me, that I at least must share the secret with him. He said—he said"—continued Sally, now bursting into heart-breaking sobs, "that my duty was to marry you, and not to be a learned lady."

"Oh, poor little Sally!" said Ross, gulping down a catch in his throat. "What if I don't agree with him? What if I want you to be learned, and wise, and great? You can't turn against my wishes; you can't be my wife if I say no."

Sally began to dry her eyes with fierce rapidity.

"Tom," she said, "the first thing to do is for you to take back that two thousand pounds. I know Anne will not touch it, and of course I will not."

"I am afraid you are both powerless in the matter, Sally. Half the money is yours when you come of age, which will be in a day or two. Anne will not receive hers for over a year. You cannot give it back to me, my dear," continued the young man bending towards her, "without casting dishonor on your dead father. You must keep the money, and you must also keep the secret, in order to shield his memory. You have no other alternative, Sally. I am sorry for you, but I cannot help you in this."

"Don't speak to me for a minute or two," said Sally. "Go away for a few minutes; let me be alone."

Ross obeyed her at once. She stood and watched his retreating figure. How manly he looked—how upright! He did not want to marry her—he said so. And yet she must keep that hateful, hateful money. As to Newnham! the thought of it was torture in her present mood.

"Tom, Tom," she called, in a shrill, wild tone.

He turned at once. She ran to meet him.

"Take me!" she said, "quick, quick, before I change my mind. I'll have you instead of Newnham. I have always loved you; yes, I have always loved you; but I was blind and wilful, and I would not look into my own heart. I did not know half what was in you, and it seemed so dazzling to be learned, and to use one's brains. But I don't care for anything in the world now, except you, Tom—and you must have me; you mustn't say no."

"Is that true, my little darling? Is it true that you love me?"

"Of course it's true; it's the very truest thing on earth."

"Well, then, look here; we'll make a bargain. I'd hate to have a doll for a wife. I adore clever women with heaps of brains. Suppose you go to Newnham in October for my sake; and suppose you pass your examinations for me; and then afterwards, Sally—— Oh, what is the matter?"

Ross stopped abruptly, for Sally's arms were flung tightly round his neck, her head rested on his shoulder, and he felt her warm tears.

"I am the happiest girl in the world," she whispered; "but it isn't now because I have won this"—she threw her unopened letter on the grass—"but because of you; because you love me, and I love you with my whole heart."

ONE WAY AND THE OTHER.

One Way.—"Father," said a woman to her husband one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Want, want—always wanting!" said the man, in a cross tone. "I've got no shoes; if you want them, get them."

"I don't know who should, if you can't," answered the wife, catching the spirit of her husband; and the spirit once caught, she carried it down stairs into the kitchen, where she quickly saw that breakfast was in a backward state.

"Sally," she cried, "why in the world is not breakfast ready? The mornings are are long enough."

"This awful green wood!" cried Sally, who until now had been doing her best; but catching her mistress's tone, she quite lost her temper. "The wonder is breakfast's got at all," she muttered; while her mistress went out, and little Joe came in from the wood-house.

"Tie my shoe, Sally," said he; "the string has tripped me awfully."

"Go away," cried Sally, "and not pester me at breakfast time."

"Cross creature!" cried little Joe, pouting and pulling off his shoe, which for mischief, or not knowing what else to do, he swung at the cat lapping her milk. The shoe sent the cat one way and the saucer another, and the milk in a puddle.

"You mischievous puppy!" cried Sally, giving little Joe a shake, and sending him off to the sitting-room.

Joe, in a terrible pet, fell upon his little sister, who was playing with a woolly dog, a little toy her auntie had given her, making it bark in a wheezy tone no real dog was ever guilty of.

"Give it to me!" cried Joe, snatching it from her hand; whereupon Busy burst into an angry cry. Joe's mother struck him for it, and he set up a howl equal to any young cub in a bear's den; so that by the time breakfast was ready, the family sky was dark and squally as it could well be; for crossness is catching, and "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water."

* * * * * *

The Other Way.—"Father," said a woman to her husband one morning, "the boys want some new shoes."

"Yes, I suppose it is most time," answers the husband; "but I can't so well spare the money just now. I wonder if I could not black them nicely up, to make them answer a little longer. Let's see now."

"Do not trouble yourself with them, husband," said the wife. "Let me try and see what a gloss I can put on them: maybe they'd look as good as new," and away she tripped down stairs into the kitchen. "Sally," she said, "you are a little behind in breakfast, but I'll help you. No wonder; the green wood troubles you, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no," answers Sally, "I'll have breakfast on the table in a minute;" and Sally stirs about with cheerful briskness, while little Joe comes in and asks to have his shoe tied.

"In a moment, deary," answers Sally; "wait while I run down and get some wood—your ma wants breakfast."

"Let me go," says little Joe, "I'll bring you some wood," and away scampers the little boy, who soon comes back with an armful. "There, Sally," he says, "won't that help you?"

"Yes, deary," cries Sally; "now let me tie your shoe," and while she does it, Joe is looking at pussy lapping milk.

"Pussy's had her breakfast," said Joe, "and I'll take up her saucer, lest somebody should step on it and break it. Come, pussy, go with me," and he carries her into the sitting-room. "Pussy has had her breakfast," he said to his sister; "now, will she think your woolly dog a real dog? Let's show it to her."

Busy puts down her plaything, a little woolly dog, and sure enough puss, as soon as she saw it, bushed her tail and backed up her back, just ready for a fight; but pretty soon she saw her mistake, and ran under the table, as if afraid to be laughed at. How the children laugh! and what a pleasant breakfast that was, where kindness was the largest dish! "for pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."

A Satisfactory Swiss Sight.—Belated tourists in Switzerland are offered a "sight" which is as unique as it is satisfactory. The frowning rocks around the Devil's Bridge, between Goschenen and Andermatt, are hidden under heavy scaffoldings, put up in order to efface the glaring advertisements which for some time past have disfigured the grand and gruesome mountain fortress.

It will delight the heart of every climber on the Gotthart highways and byways to know that next year he will be spared the sight of one ungainly advertisement crying out in gigantic letters close to the Devil's Bridge the names of the best chocolate manufacturers in Switzerland, and of another stating the fact that at a certain Berlin hotel 700 beds are at the disposal of the traveler in Switzerland.

One wonders however, together with the advertisements, if the figure with the cloven hoofs will disappear, which some native or foreign artist has painted in red color against one of the rocks overhanging the road, of the personage after whom the famous bridge is named.

Scientific and Useful.

Silver.—In polishing silver that has been laid away and badly tarnished, it is a good plan to dip the portion of a soft cloth in sweet oil, or soft lard, then in whiting, and rub the articles well until the black has disappeared. Then finish with whiting applied with a dry cloth, and polish off with chamois skin.

Coloring Leather.—The following description is given of a new process for coloring leather by electrical action. The hide is stretched upon a metallic table, and covered, except at the edges, with the coloring liquid, a difference of potential being established between the liquid and the metallic table. The effect of the electric current is to cause the pores of the skin to open, whereby the tissue becomes deeply penetrated by the coloring.

Water Pipes.—A device for preserving water-pipes from freezing indoors has been invented. This result is secured by effecting a continuous circulation of warm water through the cistern and pipes conducting the water to and from the cylinder or boiler, thus preventing all risk of explosion. The continuous circulation of the water is obtained by connecting the outlet pipe to a boiler, heated by gas or oil, and being connected with the cistern by means of another pipe.

Gasoline Bicycle.—A gasoline bicycle is the latest. The gasoline is contained in a reservoir, and the vapor ignited by a lamp so as to explode in the cylinder and work the piston backwards and forwards. The piston turns the rear or driving-wheel of the bicycle round, and the whole machine is moved forward or backward as the case may be. The rider has only to start, stop, and steer, or regulate the speed. The new bicycle is coming rapidly into favor all over the Continent. It may be added that a cellular tire for cycles has made its appearance, the indiarubber containing cells or chambers of oval section, and elasticity comparable to that of the pneumatic tire.

Farm and Garden.

Cottonseed.—Careful experiments indicate that the nitrogen in cottonseed meal is as available to plants and crops as is that in the best form of animal matter, and is more available than that of fish or tankage.

Poultry.—If cockerels are separated from the hens at an early age they may be grown to a large size and still be excellent food for the table; at least so say those who are opponents of caponising. They claim that a considerable proportion of the birds sold in the Parisian markets are but cockerels which have been never allowed to run with the hens.

To Secure Ice.—There are hundreds of farms through which small streams flow. These could easily be dammed and a supply of ice obtained that would be a great source of comfort during the hot summer months. Judgment must be exercised in selecting a place where the least hight of dam will flow the largest space. Drive down stakes and prop them against the current. Then board against the stakes, and caulk the cracks.

Angora Goats.—Angora goats can be raised to advantage throughout this part of the country. Contrary to the usual idea, they lend themselves to the pasture method and thrive on even poorer forage than sheep can stand. Only the best hair and skins are profitable, however, half-blood and low grade goats not being desirable. The average weight of fleece of pure-breeds is 4 to 6 lbs., but twice as much may frequently be obtained under good conditions.

Storing Cabbage for Winter.—Dig a hole in the ground and into it a common salt barrel. Place the top on a level with the surface of the ground. Fill in about the barrel with earth and pack it closely. Trim the heads of cabbages, removing all loose leaves, and pack solidly in the barrel. Cover tightly with boards and over the boards throw an armful of straw. On the straw place a few shovelfuls of earth. When a head is wanted for the table it can be easily secured.

For all Lung Troubles, as well as Complaints of the Throat, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is certainly a palliative and often a curative, as the testimony of thousands and its world-wide reputation attests. For Coughs or Colds no surer or more effective remedy can be found.

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About Candor.

Does popular opinion favor candor or not? Are plain-speaking people, on the whole, admired and trusted, or are they disliked as uncomfortable acquaintances? Of course it would be easy to define candor in such a way as to make everybody own that it is in all respects admirable; but we wish to take outspokenness as it is commonly met with, and, doing that, by casting an eye round all one's circle of frank talkers in various grades of society, it seems to us that it is more natural to begin with the consideration of the objectionable side of candor.

The candor that is carefully and sensitively expressed never forces itself upon public observation; the demeanor however that usually passes by that name is often roughly assertive, and hurts too many sensibilities to be really popular. A good deal depends upon what people are candid about. If it be only their abstract opinions that they freely let loose, not much harm is done; if it be their reading of their fellow-men that they freely put into words, they are almost certain to be more feared than liked.

There are ways of showing honesty that add to or take from the inherent value of that quality till they make all the difference between what is most admirable in character and what is repellent. We may be led to feel unreserved trust in a man or hearty dislike for him by a display of the same virtue of outspokenness; it all depends how the display is made. Truth, flung as a missile to knock down the receiver, is deprived of its charms.

The abuse of candor arises from forgetfulness of the fact that in the expression of almost any opinion, even though it be only an abstract opinion upon some general question, such as philosophy, religion, politics, or science, and still more if it be an opinion that has a personal bearing—such as an estimate of a man—we are really in partnership for the moment with our hearers. They, too, may hold a very strong opinion on the point in question, or their feelings may be most intimately bound up with the persons or subjects that we are freely discussing.

More than good taste is involved in the style we adopt when recommending our view; the prevalence of what we believe to be truth may depend upon the delicacy with which we gauge the beliefs and prejudices of our hearers. Should we hurl forth our views reckless of their reception, we cannot wonder if they are slighted.

Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that men holding different religious faiths begin a conversation with each other, or with a third person who will act as go-between. Each in his heart regards the faith of the other as insidious error, and as tending, where it differs from his own faith, towards the degeneration of mankind.

If these sharp-edged differences are instantly produced in the name of honesty, and are used as weapons of offence, what hope is there of fruitful discussion? Nobody ever convinced an opponent by "giving him a piece of his mind."

Though a love of what we believe to be true requires that we shall not conceal opinion, courtesy requires that it shall be brought forward only in such a way as shall not gratuitously offend the listener. That is to say, there is a polished candor which gives up no point that ought to be defended, that neglects no protest which ought to be made, and yet avoids the useless clash of opposites that it is the delight of the aggressively-candid man to produce. The problem of candor is to be sincere without being offensive, how to bate no jot of the truth while at the same time time avoiding the raising up of enemies.

The idea of the adaptation of the truth to those who have to receive it should be our safeguard against a too bluff candor. There may be people who hold that a quite straightforward and complete expression of all that one thinks, irrespective of persons or circumstances, would be the more moral plan.

If the plain woman fishes for a compliment, you must by this rule tell her she is ugly. If a known rogue comes to you because of your frankness and tries to "sound" you respecting the characteristic of an acquaintance with whom he is about to have dealings, and you suspect that what you may say—if you have complete candor and do not turn aside the questions asked—will be used as a help to some scheme of personal advantage by your questioner, still, according to the demand of the believer in blunt truth, you should say what you think.

Obviously you are in that case lending yourself to evil by your lack of reticence. An attempt must be made to fence safely the questions. Though it is right to say always what is true, it is often wise to say nothing, and, in order to avoid an injudicious openness, candor must be given up.

"Why not, then, be candid in saying you cannot discuss certain questions?" some will ask. To say bluntly you will not answer is often as complete an answer as the interrogator can desire, just as a cross-examining counsel likes nothing better than to make a witness decline to answer.

The truth is that candor is a far more complex subject than the plain blunt man supposes. Much of the grace and beauty and goodness of life depends upon a sensitive adaptation of our talk to the characters of those whom we address. There are people who believe that children can be governed by cast-iron rules—for a certain fault so many stripes. It is a simple process, and as cruel and unjust as it is simple; for the apparently equal punishment would lacerate the heart of one child and be received by another without a wince. So naked truths, flung indiscriminately at whosoever approaches, produce altogether disproportionate effects.

Tell one young fellow that he is making himself ridiculous, and he will accept the hint and be sobered and benefited by it; whereas another who has been equally foolish would be utterly abashed, confounded, and paralyzed by the truth if it were blurted out to him. Even in the expression of opinion one may easily do more harm than good by a heedless candor.

Without candor being eventually arrived at, there can be no genuine trust in our fellow-men. If concealment and suspicion and finessing are to be the vogue, we shall always be tossed on a sea of doubt; intercourse will be a wandering in a mist of deceit.

No man who is not a coward will be afraid of saying what he thinks, if he sees the necessity of saying anything at all; but expressions of opinion that are sure to be hard sayings to some should be marked by good taste, by a study of the audience, by the absence of that sharp rattle of antagonism in which the plain-talker delights, and which is born of a love of fighting rather than a love of truth. It is for this polished candor that we put in a plea, and for the right to maintain a reserve of opinions that the questioner has no right to probe.

THE habit of considering the probable results of our own conduct cannot be too carefully cultivated. It brings into play many valuable qualities—intelligence, foresight, judgment, and, perhaps more than all else, the power of realization. To be able to conceive of other personalities than our own, to imagine their feelings, their opinions, their hopes and fears, and to foresee in what way they may be reached, how to influence them, how to help them, and, on the other hand, to see what is likely to hurt their feelings, or injure their reputation, or diminish their welfare in any respect, is a rare and most desirable power, and one only to be gained by continual effort and watchfulness.

ALL who have been in the habit of making themselves and their griefs and troubles the uppermost consideration in their minds should learn to think more of others and less of themselves. It is one of the surest antidotes for this sort of mental disease, and, when a man has learned the great lesson of effacing himself, he has gone far along the road to happiness and added much to the pleasure of others. Any one who is ever on the alert for some insult to his sensitive spirit is a plague to himself and to every one else.

THE success of many an enterprise depends mainly on the insight which detects what it is which people like or dislike, what are the convenience and helps which they prize and the inconveniences and hindrances which they wish to avoid. On the other hand, one who is blind to these things, who looks at everything from his own stand-point alone and never pauses to consider the way in which they will probably affect others, will never put his labor to the best use.

WERE men so enlightened and studious of their own good as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life, and the words truth, law, reason, equity, and religion would be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favor and approbation.

IT is often said that feelings are too strong to be subdued by a mere effort of the will; and this is true. But that which precedes and gives rise to such feeling it is in our power to control; and, if we would be just as well as generous, we must clearly distinguish between the two.

ALL those who love Nature, she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world; not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind.

THE future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still.

No failure can be more utter than that of the parent without love, of the teacher without tenderness, of the master without sympathy, of the philanthropist without compassion.

To do what seems right may involve an extra struggle sometimes, but one may be sure that in the long run it will bring the most happiness.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

WONDER.—According to the "Language of Flowers," the hop signifies injustice; the rose geranium, preference; apple geranium, present preference; fish geranium, disappointed expectation; nutmeg geranium, an unexpected meeting; scarlet geranium, comforting; pennyroyal, flee away.

E. G. V.—There are two kinds of telescopes; the astronomical, used to view the planets and stars, and the common spy-glass, used for looking at distant things on the earth. Into the latter the lenses that make the difference to which you refer are put. The price will depend upon the quality of the glass, etc.

BESS.—You are not called upon to do anything, nor is there any need for anxiety on your part. Two weeks is not a very long time, and the young man may have been kept from calling on you by various things which demanded his attention. Should he not call in a month or so, or send you some word, you would have reason to suppose that he was staying away on purpose, and then it would probably be well for you to let him stay.

BEATRICE S.—The story of Beatrice Cenci is too dreadful to be told fully in our columns. Beatrice murdered, or rather procured the murder of his father. She was forced to this crime after a life of persecution, and under such provocation from that sinful man, as almost, if not entering, to justify the deed. Shelley has founded a tragedy, at once the most powerful and beautiful of modern plays, upon the subject; but the public could not now-a-days endure the representation.

AULA.—It is as much stealing to take a picture from a person's album as to take a pair of gloves, or a piece of jewelry, or a pocket book from a drawer; and if it is possible for one sin to be meaner than another we think stealing the photographs of a person's friends is the meanest kind of stealing. Any man or woman who will deliberately rob a friend of a likeness that may be of incalculable value, or even of one that they know has no value, is a thief—however he or she may seek to palliate the sin to their own minds.

X. P. F.—A month in a contract is a calendar month whether longer or shorter. If the man begins on the first of the month his term expires with its close; if on any given day of a month, then it expires at the beginning of the corresponding day of the next month, and if not then, at its close. Thus, a month beginning January 28th expires at the corresponding hour on February 28th; but if it begins on the 29th, 30th, or 31st of January, it will still expire with February, and the new month begin on the morning of March 1st.

SAM.—Nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) cures warts speedily. The muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac) is also useful, and caustic potassa is still more certain. The method of applying is to dip the end of the caustic in a little water and to rub it over the warts. The application should be renewed daily, if necessary, and the decayed part pared off, or cut with scissors. If it can be conveniently done, a ligature of silk tied tightly around the base of the wart will cause it to decay, and eventually to drop off.

E. V.—Strict etiquette requires that a lady, meeting in the street a gentleman with whom she is acquainted, shall give the first bow of recognition. Good sense, however, does not insist upon an imperative adherence to this rule. A well-bred man bows and raises his hat to every lady of his acquaintance whom he meets, without waiting for her to take the initiative. Consequently in a case where a gentleman meets a lady acquaintance whom she has not seen for a long time he will be committing no breach of etiquette should he accost her without previous recognition.

CONSISTENCY.—If you have a friend in private, let him be what he will, you are bound by honor and the law of self-respect to be his friend in public. His character may be shaky, but the creaking of those loose hinges, which has not warned you off in the safe disguise of the night, must not make you ashamed of recognition in the day. It may be hard, but it has to be done. Be a purist, if you will, and decline companionship with men whose moral hinges hang loose and awry, but, if you do foregather in solitude, you must not turn your back in the crowd. Yet how many people are of this twofold kind—fair and soft as silk when no one is near, reserved, cool, repudiating their own acts of yesterday when the world stands by with its tar brush to sprinkle the companion of those whom it has already splashed!

M. D. J.—Grace Darling, a name famous in the annals of heroism, was the daughter of the lighthousekeeper on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands (a group of seventeen rocky islets off the north-east coast of Northumberland), and was born on the 24th November, 1815. On the morning of September 7, 1838, a vessel called the Forfarshire, which, with sixty-three persons on board, has been wrecked among the Farne Islands, and was seen by the lighthouse-keeper, lying broken on the rocks. At the solicitation of his daughter, he put off in his boat through the storm to the wreck, his only companion being the heroic Grace, who assisted him in rowing the boat. With wonderful strength and skill they managed to reach the survivors (nine in number), rescued them, and carried them safely to Longstone. Presents of every description were lavished upon the heroine by the wealthy and great of England, and her name was in every mouth throughout the kingdom. She lived but four years after this occurrence, dying of consumption, October 20, 1842.

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY LOUISE MALOOM STENTON.

If this is not love, what can it be?
To think of one, forever,
All other thoughts repelling.
To forget one? Ah! never!
One dream, one hope, compelling
All others to depart!
One voice alone, that's music,
To one loving faithful heart!

To live for one, to die for one
If need be. To exist alone
Enshrined within another's being.
A dual heart and soul; a throne
On which two new made monarchs sit.
To gladly die, and make no moan
To spare a pang to one dear soul,
And welcome o'en a martyr's crown!

A Shadow on the Blind.

BY G. L. M.

HARBLEDON HALL had stood empty for seven years. For seven years no smoke had issued from its chimneys telling of the cheerful hearth within, no voice or laughter had been heard under its roof, no footstep coming or going across its threshold. A straggling growth of ivy and Virginia creeper that covered and veiled the windows made the front of the house look as forlorn and neglected as the face of a sick man who has grown a ragged beard during a long illness.

The window-sills were green with the drip of rain from the spouts choked with decaying leaves, and the brickwork was stained with dark patches of damp. The birds had built their nests undisturbed in every gable and projection of the roof, and in the wide chimneys, secure from danger of being smoked out of their comfortable quarters.

And within the house, though man had withdrawn his presence from it, other tenants were in possession. Rats and mice held revels in the empty rooms and passages, that resounded with the patter of their feet, the squeak of their voices, and the nibbling of their teeth.

In the dead of night, bold as they had grown, they scared themselves by catching in wires that set bells ringing and echoing through the house, and an army of rats would rush helter-skelter down the great staircase, bounding over one another's backs in their panic, as we see them depicted in illustrations of the famous history of Whittington and his cat.

If desolation reigned in Harbledon Hall its gardens were returning to a state of savage nature, and the rank growth of weeds choked and overtopped the flowers and shrubs. No seeds had been sown, no lawns mown, no hedges or tree or bush pruned in seven long years, and the once orderly gardens had become a tangled thicket where the fairy prince might seek the sleeping beauty.

A bramble had sprung up by the sundial, and, clasping it in its thorny arms, threw its branches about it, effectually hiding it from the light of day. The stone basin of the disused fountain had become a nursery of young frogs, that hopped, swam, and croaked undisturbed and nature was endeavoring to re-establish her sway where man had withdrawn his cultivating and restraining hand.

It was a radiant day in June. The hot sun poured down on the tangled overgrowth in the gardens of Harbledon Hall, the birds were in a perfect riot of song, and a southwest wind rocked them on the bough.

Even the old forsaken house on such a day wore its least sombre aspect. One could imagine there had been happy household life within its walls, and it was possible to conceive that they might again resound to the laughter and voices of children at play.

Some such thought as this must have entered the mind of an elderly gentleman driving by in an open carriage, with his wife, a pale, grey-haired lady, seated beside him. Mr. Stackpoole was a cheerful, energetic man of sixty years of age, of strong likes and dislikes and sudden impulses.

As he caught sight of the wide front of Harbledon Hall with its red gables glowing in the sun, its confused mass of creepers almost hiding the lower stories from view, he told the coachman to draw up at the iron gates at the entrance.

"This is a very picturesque house, my dear; I should like to have a look at it," he said to his wife; "it may be the kind of place we are in search of," and he alighted from the carriage as nimbly as a young man to read the notice painted on the weather-stained board fastened to the gates, "For admission to view these premises, apply to Mr. Judd, sexton, by the church."

Mr. Stackpoole returned to the carriage and bade the coachman drive to the church, the tower of which they could see embowered among trees, apparently not more than a quarter of a mile distant. As they drove he continued "I like the look of the place very much. I am sure I could do something with it. I should just enjoy setting to work upon it to call order out of chaos, and in six months I would undertake to effect an entire transformation in the house and grounds and make it one of the prettiest places in the neighborhood. What do you think, my dear? Hey?"

The frail looking elderly lady thus addressed made but a faint rejoinder, and her husband's sanguine enthusiasm by no means communicated itself to her.

Harbledon Hall was the sixth old house to which Mr. Stackpoole had taken a fancy in the last ten years, and fallen out of love with as quickly, after exercising his ingenuity in putting it in perfect order and living in it for a short time. It was his diversion, now that he had retired from business and had nothing particular to do, to hunt up old country houses, put them in thorough modern repair and working order, live in them just long enough to persuade his wife that he had pitched his tent finally, when the demon of unrest would break out in him once more, and he was off again on the old quest.

This hunting of houses, catching them, and then letting them go that he might pursue game of the same kind elsewhere was naturally more entertaining to Mr. Stackpoole than it could be to his wife and daughter. But the elder lady was patient and philosophic, and when her daughter said petulantly, "Oh, Mamma, what a shame it is that we have to be dragged about the country like this! We have not been a year in this lovely house, and Papa is tired of it already, and looking out again for some tumble-down old place to put that in good order, and leave it too, I suppose!"

Mrs. Stackpoole would say, "Never mind, Ella. Papa must do as he thinks best. The excitement and interest he finds in frequently changing house are necessary to him now that he has done with business; and remember, my dear, he has no home occupations to pass the time like you and I have." But Ella Stackpoole was now married and settled in a home of her own, and the only other child, a son, was stationed with his regiment in Malta.

Therefore it was that when Mr. Stackpoole became suddenly interested in the appearance of Harbledon Hall his wife was unable to feel any enthusiasm on the subject. Their last home had been in Cornwall, where, after six months spent in its most westerly corner, Mr. Stackpoole discovered what everyone else had always known, that he was in a decidedly rainy part of England. He could scarcely have been more astonished at the quantity of rain that fell if it had been in Egypt, and he fled to London to make that his headquarters while he looked about for an old house to suit his fancy in the drier county of Surrey.

And on this bright June day he and his wife were driving through the country house-hunting, and the more dilapidated a house looked, provided that his experienced eye saw capacities of improvement about it, the more attractive it appeared to Mr. Stackpoole, as affording wider scope for his particular form of genius. His was a costly hobby, and strangers reaped the benefit of his lavish outlay on houses he perfected, tired of, and left so soon.

Mr. Judd, the sexton, was found without difficulty, for, indeed, he was a conspicuous object, sitting in a large armchair by his cottage door reading the newspaper, and taking an occasional sip from a glass of cold brandy and water that stood beside him on the window-sill. He was a person of dignity in the village, accustomed to waste his own time and that of others; but Mr. Stackpoole hurried him off to the carriage as soon as he found the keys, and compelled him to unwonted activity. "The garden be a wilderness, sir," said the old man, opening one of the great iron gates, "and it's four 'ears since e'er an inquiry was made about the place."

"It wouldn't be to everyone's taste, you see; it'll need a considerable outlay upon it before it is fit for habitation," said Mr. Stackpoole complacently as he stooped to disentangle a briar from his wife's skirt. "Who were the last tenants, and how long had they lived here?" he said, turning to the old man and asking two questions at once.

"Sir Roland Shawe and his family had it last, sir. They took the place on a twenty-one years' lease, and they left uncommon sudden when it had five years or more to run. There was a deal o' talk about what made 'em leave it that way," and Judd opened wide the front door as he spoke, and they entered a large, lofty hall, smelling mouldy as though there were vaults below.

"Folks did say there were reasons more 'n' what they'd own up to, for a large fam'ly to turn out all of a sudden, as if they was running away from the plague," and the old sexton looked mysterious and as though he longed to be questioned. Mr. Stackpoole, however, was too much interested in pacing the length of the dining-room to notice any hints he might throw out.

"My dear," he said to his wife, who was resting on the low window seat, "we will have the whole of this oak floor polished, and Turkish rugs laid down at intervals."

"That is just what we did in our house in Cumberland," said Mrs. Stackpoole gently, "and if you remember you were not pleased with it when it was done;" then turning to the old man: "You were going to tell us why Sir Roland Shawe left so suddenly."

"Forbid, ma'am, that I should say definite why he left, not knowing for certain," said Mr. Judd, swelling with importance as he spoke. "I never believe 'n 'alf o' what I hear, and puts no faith in tales, whether master's or man's. But by what I can make out—and old Jimmy Judd can see through a stone wall as far as most folks—I should say as a ghost was at the bottom of the whole kick-up."

Mrs. Stackpoole smiled at the old man's mode of expressing himself, and then looked anxiously towards her husband, who laughed heartily, and they left the dining-room for the upstairs regions, which he was impatient to explore.

"They fled before ghosts, did they?" said Mr. Stackpoole, still laughing at the idea. "If the house is supposed to be haunted I should like it all the better for its reputation," and he swung open the door of a large, low room, with a deep projecting chimney-piece and wide window letting in a flood of sunshine.

"This is certainly a very cheerful aspect," said his wife, stepping to the window and looking out upon the wild garden enclosed by ragged yew hedges; "there is nothing ghostly about this room, at all events!"

"Boob! Ghosts indeed! those who believe in them deserve to see them," said Mr. Stackpoole contemptuously. "If we take the house this shall be your morning-room; you'll get plenty of sunshine, which is a great thing for you; and if I like the room under it I will have it done up for a business room for myself."

And they wandered from cellar to attic of the big house, Mr. Stackpoole delighted with the possibilities of the place, and noting in his pocket-book the dimensions of the chief rooms and of the entrance-hall.

"At all events I shall inquire on what terms the house is to be let," he said, after spending two hours in energetically inspecting the premises, and as he slipped five shillings into Mr. Judd's expectant palm, "by the way, I have not asked who is the landlord?"

"The landlord, sir, be a many and not one," and the old man named a well known city company to which the property belonged.

"I have rented from landlords and landladies, and trustees, but never yet from a company. It's all one to me, and I shall see their agent in town to-morrow."

Then Mr. Stackpoole took a farewell look at the room on the ground floor, immediately under the cheerful room at the head of the stairs that he had assigned to his wife's prospective use, and decided that it was exactly adapted to his requirements, after which they threaded their way back to the gates through the neglected maze of the garden.

"And how do you like the look of Harbledon Hall?" he asked his wife as he drove away; "what do you think of the old place?"

"I confess that I was not very favorably impressed with it, though it is a handsome, well-built house, and might be made very comfortable, no doubt. But it struck me with a kind of chill."

"So would any place, my dear, that had been shut up for seven years. I feel it in my back now; I wish it may not mean an attack of lumbago for me." Mrs. Stackpoole smiled at the literal interpretation of her words.

"I don't mean that kind of chill, but a sort of depressed, foreboding feeling that I have never had before in any of the houses you and I have been over together, and their name is legion."

"Why, Anna, you don't mean to say that the tedious old sexton has frightened you with his gossip! It was merely some nonsense or other he had made up to increase his importance. If I take the place I shall put an army of workmen in in a week from now, and when next you see it, with good fires drying the rooms, windows bright and clean, and paperers and painters busy upon it, it will look very different, I can assure you. Any house that has been uninhabited as long as Harbledon Hall wears a forlorn look, but for all that I see the possibilities of it, and I could make it the prettiest place we have lived in yet." And Mrs. Stackpoole felt certain that her husband would take the old house.

The following day, when Mr. Stackpoole saw the company's agent, he was surprised at the very moderate rent asked for the house. Whether he wished to take it on lease or as a yearly tenant, the sum demanded was small enough to arouse suspicion in the most unwary.

"Why do you ask such a low rent for a such a fine old place like that?" he asked.

"It is so much out of repair from standing empty so long, that I suppose the company is willing to submit to a certain loss, for the sake of having it inhabited again."

"But with such a temptingly low rent, how is it that it has not been taken long ago?"

"There have been any number of applications for it."

"Indeed! The old fellow in charge of the keys who showed me over the place yesterday said that no one had inquired about it for four years."

A peculiar expression passed over the agent's face, but it was not one of surprise.

"He said so, did he? I've had plenty of inquiries."

"He certainly said so. He was a talkative old man, and anxious to impress us with the idea that Sir Roland Shawe left Harbledon Hall suddenly, some considerable time before his lease was up, in consequence of an absurd notion that the house was haunted. Now, personally I care nothing about it, but my wife is sometimes nervous, and I thought I would ask you if you know anything of any unusual circumstances connected with his leaving so abruptly."

"Judd is a chattering old fool! Did he tell you anything definite about it himself?" asked the agent.

"Nothing whatever, but he said some nonsense about ghosts driving them away from the place."

"Of course there was an absurd story that got about at the time! It was some hocus-pocus with a magic-lantern, I believe, got up by the young fellows to frighten the servants, with pictures of a skeleton on a sheet hung up somewhere or other. The whole thing was a stupid practical joke, only too successful, for the scare spread to the ladies of the house, and of course Sir Roland had to leave; they made the place too hot for him," and the agent laughed uproariously. "I remember all about it now you come to ask me. The young Shawes got up the panic for their own purposes. They found the country too slow for them, they wanted to live in London, so with the simple apparatus of a magic lantern and a sheet or blind they frightened the family back into town and got what they wanted. Naturally Sir Roland used not to speak of it when he found it out, for no one is proud of having been made a fool of. And now, my dear sir," he said, assuming an air of great candor, "you know as much about this childish folly as I do myself. It has been magnified into something wonderful till we've had that tempting property on our hands all these years in consequence."

Mr. Stackpoole was pleased and amused with the agent's frank explanation of the basis of Mr. Judd's mysterious allusions, and he and his wife laughed at it together over their dinner. Mrs. Stackpoole was now willing that her husband should take Harbledon Hall, which he did as a yearly tenant, with the right of taking the property on a lease, if at the end of three years he felt inclined to prolong his stay.

Then began all the delightful bustle that Mr. Stackpoole's soul loved—the drying, warming, painting, lighting, decorating, and furnishing of the house, the taming and reclaiming of the garden; the stubbing up of old lawns and laying down of new turf; the cleaning and regravelling of weed-grown paths. Such an army of workmen was engaged that Mr. Stackpoole calculated that in less than five months the house would be ready to go

into, and the gardens be all clean, smooth, and bare in their winter tidiness. "It must be finished by the middle of December," he said, "that I may keep Christmas here with my family; and if every man has done his work well, and is out of the house by the twelfth of December, I will give each one a bonus on his wages, and a Christmas supper to you all."

No wonder that the workmen caught something of Mr. Stackpoole's enthusiasm, and that every time he brought his wife to see what was going on she was delighted with the progress made. All their friends were informed of the lucky find of the beautiful old house in Surrey, and invitations were issued long before for a series of entertainments, dances, and private theatricals that they intended to give at Harbledon Hall in the following January, when their daughter, Mrs. Beaumont, and her husband would be staying with them.

Shortly before Mr. and Mrs Stackpoole removed to Harbledon Hall they were dining out one evening, and after the ladies had left the room and the gentlemen had rearranged their chairs comfortably and were seated at their wine, Mr. Stackpoole began on his favorite theme, the furnishing and repairing of the old house in Surrey.

As most of those present had frequently heard him on the subject before, he was not much heeded, and prosed on without interruption till a tall, bald-headed gentleman opposite him caught the words Harbledon Hall and became an attentive listener.

"Harbledon Hall, did you say? Do you mean the old gabled, red-brick house three miles from Mendleton in Surrey? I hope no friend of yours is thinking of taking it."

Mr. Stackpoole smiled. "Not exactly a friend of mine, though probably I know him better than anyone else. I have taken Harbledon Hall myself and intend moving into it next December."

"The deuce you do!" said the bald-headed gentleman, setting down his glass.

"I don't know why it should surprise you," said Mr. Stackpoole.

"Surprise me? Certainly not. Only I thought that the house was empty and likely to remain so."

"Surely it has stood empty long enough—for seven years. It requires an immense deal doing to it, of course, but I took a fancy to the place, and am putting it into thorough repair, introducing the electric light among other modern improvements; in fact, I am sparing no expense. Do you know anything about Harbledon Hall?"

"I used to do. Sir Roland Shawe, the last tenant, is my brother," and the bald-headed gentleman spoke in a dry and uncommunicative manner. But a hint was not enough for Mr. Stackpoole.

"Then you are the very person to tell me about an absurd story I have heard—it had something to do with a magic-lantern, I believe some kind of a scare the young people got up to pretend there were bogies in the house, and frighten their parents back to town, where they preferred to live. You see, I've heard all about it, and I only want it corroborated by a member of the family," and he laughed heartily, as though it were the best joke in the world.

But the gentleman opposite him grew grave to severity, and said, "I am unable to understand your allusion to a magic lantern performance which is supposed to have tried my brother's nerves, and absurd is the last word applicable to the circumstances under which Sir Roland was compelled to leave Harbledon Hall."

"Then I must have been misinformed in the matter," replied the undaunted Mr. Stackpoole, whose curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. "As I am about to live in the house, will you not tell me the real circumstances, that I may be able to contradict the foolish stories that one hears?"

"Why should it be necessary for you to contradict gossip on the subject? Sir Roland never mentions it. It is possible that some time you may learn for yourself why my brother left the house; then I think you will be satisfied that he acted wisely, and if not, I should be sorry to prejudice you against Harbledon Hall."

And the gentlemen rose to join the ladies, and Mr. Stackpoole remained in a state of mystification. Evidently something had happened to drive Sir Roland Shawe and his family from Harbledon Hall with which neither old Judd nor the agent was acquainted. What could it be?

For himself, so long as it was neither rats nor drains, he did not care; but with his wife it was different. If she had the least inkling that there was anything uncanny about the house, she would refuse to go into it at the eleventh hour, or, if she went, would make a point of seeing a ghost the very first dark night.

But she must hear no silly talk about it. Any ghosts that former inhabitants of the Hall had imagined they saw was when they went about the house starting at their own shadows by the dim light of oil-lamps. The electric light would put all that to rights. It was the best cure for such preposterous folly, and in its illumination Mr. Stackpoole felt that he should be more than a match for all the powers of darkness.

But shortly after meeting Sir Roland Shawe's brother an odd coincidence happened that drew his attention again to the subject of their conversation. Mrs. Stackpoole had written to her son at Malta telling him that his father had taken an old house in Surrey with which he had fallen in love, how beautifully he was fitting it up, that they had expected to keep Christmas in it, and that it was at Harbledon Hall that they hoped to welcome him on his return to England.

In reply Jack wrote: 'So my father is again on the move. Well, this time I am glad he is taking you to a thoroughly accessible place, and not to Cornwall or Cumberland. But is the old house he has taken a fancy to not far from Mendleton? I suppose there can't be two Harbledon Halls in the county, but it is odd if it is the house of that name I have lately heard something about. There was a young civilian out here for his health—he has gone to Egypt now—and he told me that his uncle, a Sir Roland Smith, or some such name, had been fairly driven out of an old house in Surrey by ghosts. I'm sure he called it Harbledon Hall, and he said that his uncle was not in the least a nervous man, but it was more than he could stand, and he had to leave.

"I wish now that I had asked him all about it, but he was such a dull chap nothing he said interested me, so I lost the chance of learning particulars. Don't you be timid, dear mother. Let me tackle the bogies when I come home; I should enjoy nothing better."

Mrs. Stackpoole did not like this at all. It produced an eerie and creepy sensation, and her husband took care not to increase her discomfort by telling her of his conversation with Mr. Shawe.

"It is odd, my dear, very odd," he said in his most cheerful tones, "and we are obliged to confess that, somehow or other, someone or other received some sort of a fright at Harbledon Hall. Nothing can be more vague, and yet that is all that is known about it. A pity the whole silly business was not inquired into on the spot, for of course it would admit of a perfectly simple solution. Very likely one of the maids had supped rather more heavily than usual on cold pork, and in a paroxysm of indigestion walked in her sleep; someone saw her in her white nightgown, took her for a ghost, screamed, and got up a scare—for it is always easier to cry out than to investigate. And there you have the whole history of a ghost story in a nutshell, my dear—in a nutshell."

The workmen were punctually out of Harbledon Hall on the day agreed upon, and as punctually received their pay and their Christmas supper, and the house was ready for the reception of the new tenant, with the good wishes of all who had helped to prepare it for him.

Mr. Stackpoole arranged that they should arrive after dark at Harbledon Hall, that he might surprise his wife with the electric light in every room and passage, and introduce her to her new home under its most cheerful and attractive aspect.

As they approached the house both Mrs. Stackpoole and her daughter exclaimed with delight, and Ella said it was too pretty to be real, it was like something on the stage. From every window of the house, from the basement to the garret, streamed the pure radiance of the electric light, undimmed by curtain or blind, sending shafts of light far into the darkness. From the porch the white light illumined the drive like a cold sunshine, and showed every pebble on the ground and every twig on the bare boughs.

"There, my dears," said Mr. Stackpoole triumphantly, as he led his wife and daughter into the brilliant hall; "this is how modern science drives away foolish fears of darkness by turning night into day. No one could be nervous or afraid of ghosts in a house lighted like this."

"No, indeed—the thing would be impossible," replied Mrs. Stackpoole, her daughter, and son-in-law in confident chorus.

Christmas was kept with much festivity at Harbledon Hall, and it was impossible to say who was most delighted with the house—the host or hostess, or the guests under its hospitable roof. Each was charmed with his own room, but Mrs. Stackpoole's morning room was the general favorite, and afternoon-tea was frequently taken there in preference to the more stately drawing room.

The grandchildren played in the empty rooms upstairs on rainy days, and every evening watched the miracle of lighting the house with the electric light with breathless interest. They regarded Grandpapa as a light-producing wizard, so that something of awe was mingled with their wildest frolics, and they did not dare to open the door of his own particular room, which was respectfully called the study, though its principal use was to smoke in, or to take a quiet nap before dinner.

It was the end of January, and the Stackpooles were daily congratulating themselves on their good fortune in meeting with a house so perfectly suited to all their requirements, when they wound up their New Year's festivities with a fancy ball. Several young people were staying in the house for the occasion who were to depart the day after the ball, leaving their host and hostess alone for the first time in their new house. Numbers of guests were coming from a distance, many of whom had accepted the invitation out of curiosity, as a dance afforded a good opportunity of spending a night under cheerful auspices in a house with the reputation of being haunted.

All their entertainments so far had been successful, but the last was to be the best, and the host and hostess threw their whole souls into the preparations to ensure its complete success. The room was charming, the floor perfect, the band that came from town the most renowned of the season.

The costumes to be worn were of no special time or country, and the Stackpooles themselves set an example of reckless catholicity in the matter, the hostess being dressed as Queen Elizabeth, and her husband as an Admiral of the Fleet of to-day, while Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont figured as a Japanese lady and a Spanish matador.

By the time that the guests had arrived, clad in the garb of all ages and countries, the ball-room appeared to contain such a motley throng as the Day of Judgment alone could bring together. Here an ancient Greek danced with a Swedish peasant, and the Black Prince with a female captain of the Salvation Army, and there a clown and a nun waltzed gaily past Mahomet and a ballet-girl.

The electric light was a greater novelty then than it is now, and the guests were loud in their admiration of the fairy-palace appearance of the house as they approached, and of its brilliance within. Mr. Stackpoole was as delighted as a child with a new toy, and led his friends about showing them how by merely turning a button on the wall he could plunge a room in darkness or flood it with radiant light.

Dancing was kept up with great spirit till the small hours, and as the clock in the hall chimed a quarter-past three the old house resounded to the half sad and wholly romantic strains of a waltz by Waldteufel.

The guests who came from a distance had begun to depart, and Mr. Beaumont stood in the porch laughingly seeing Lady Jane Grey and Flora Macdonald into their carriage. Just then a maid gave a message to one of the footmen to Mrs Beaumont, who sat fanning herself near the door of the ball-rooom. "If you please, ma'am, nurse says Master Harry is awake and crying with the music, and says he won't go to sleep till he sees you, ma'am."

"Tell nurse I will come directly," and, excusing herself to the lady who sat next to her, she slipped out of the room. In the hall she met her father as he was entering his study.

"I'm going to put this miserable encumbrance by," he said, smiling and flourishing the Admiral's cocked hat, which he had gallantly carried the whole evening to his great inconvenience.

"And I am on my way to the nursery to see little Harry," and Mrs. Beaumont ran up stairs, softly singing to the sweet music that floated from the ball-room. Mr. Stackpoole laid his hat on the table, and looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "A quarter-past three! I'm tired, and the young people ought to be. Heigh-ho! I'd rather give ten dinners than one dance," and he yawned profoundly, sank into a low chair by the fire, stretched his legs out before him, and closed his eyes. Sleep fell upon him instantly, and for several minutes he was lost in its depths, light and sound had ceased to exist for him, his brain was steeped in silent darkness.

Mr. Beaumont still stood in the porch; the servants had returned to the house, and he was alone. It was a mild winter's night. He flung a cloak over his matador's costume and stepped into the open air. "I sha'n't be missed for five minutes," he said to himself, "while I smoke a cigarette," and he walked briskly along a broad path some thirty yards from the house, from which he had a perfect view of the front of Harbledon Hall. And very pretty its cheerful likeness looked against the dark background of star-set sky. Brilliant rays of light shot from the uncraped windows, and those that had the blinds down showed the outline of objects in the room thrown upon them in shadow, as clearly as from a magic lantern.

Involuntarily he raised his eyes to the window of Mrs. Stackpoole's sitting-room, and stood rooted to the spot. Two figures as clearly defined as silhouettes were visible on the pure square of the blind—the shadows of an old man and a young man struggling together. From the shape of the heads George Beaumont saw that they wore tie wigs, and there was the clearly-cut shadow of the ruffles at the wrists, and the younger and taller man wore a large Steinkirk with richly laced ends round his neck.

At first he thought that they were guests dressed in the costume of the early Georgian period, though how they had gone up stairs into that room, or why there was a deadly struggle between them, he did not know. But wonder and speculation was swallowed up in terrified interest as he watched the course of the brief conflict. The elder and shorter man, who stooped considerably, appeared to be unarmed, and seized the younger man by the throat, when he shook himself free, stepped quickly back, drew his sword, and, plunging forward on his right foot, ran his opponent through the body. He staggered backward and fell out of sight below the level of the window, and there remained only the shadow of the younger man in clear profile on the blind.

He stood for a minute looking downward, and George Beaumont had time to observe the finely-cut features of a total stranger. Then he saw that he wiped the blade of his sword, turned and walked away, and his shadow passed out of sight, leaving the window-blind a blank, luminous square.

Indoors at the same time Mr. Stackpoole had been waked from his short sleep by a sound in his wife's sitting-room overhead, and he sprang to his feet with every faculty concentrated in listening. A noise as if chairs pushed back and upset on the polished floor, and a scuffling of feet as though two men were struggling together. Then a moment of silence, a loud stamp, and heavy fall that seemed to shake the ceiling, followed by deep groans.

"Good God! What can be the matter?" cried Mr. Stackpoole, and he rushed from the room into the hall. The front door stood open, though the inner glass doors were closed, and neither his son-in-law nor any servants were there. He stopped to call nobody, but ran up stairs to his wife's room just as his daughter came quickly down from the story above with a white and terrified face.

"Oh, Papa, someone has just frightened me so, but whoever he is he is in there! I saw him go into Mamma's room a few minutes ago, and I'm so glad you've come, for I dare not follow him!" and without asking Ella of whom she was speaking, Mr. Stackpoole flung the door wide open and rushed into the room.

No one was there. Not a chair or table displaced, and the electric light illuminating every corner of the room forbade the possibility of anyone being in hiding.

"It is the most extraordinary thing!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration of terror from his brow as he spoke; "I would not have your mother know of it for the world!"

"Have you seen him too?" said his daughter faintly.

"Seen whom, child? Seen what? No, I've seen nothing, but I've heard enough to last me my lifetime. God forbid that I should hear it again!" and he looked about the room and under the table, fairly stupefied with amazement.

"He passed me on the stairs just as I came out of the night nursery," said Mrs. Beaumont, anxious to tell her experience without waiting to hear her father's.

"A tall young man ran quickly by me dressed in a blue coat, with ruffles at the wrists and a great laced cravat, and a wig tied with a ribbon at the back. He carried a long thin sword in his hand. At first I thought it was Arthur Newton, who wore a powdered wig like his this evening, but I remembered his coat

was black and he left early. When I saw his face it was a stranger's, and he looked cruel and passionate. I followed him till I saw him go into this room and shut the door after him."

"Then where the deuce is he now?" said Mr. Stackpoole. "This is some miserable practical joke, but I'll get to the bottom of it and be even with them yet—I'll get to the bottom of it yet!" and as he spoke the door that he had taken the precaution to close burst open, and his son-in-law entered in his matador's dress, pale and breathless, looking as if the bull had turned and given him chase.

"Oh, George, have you seen him too?" said his wife.

"Did you hear anything?" asked Mr Stackpoole. "Sit down, man; you are trembling like a leaf!"

"There were two of them, an old man and a young man, in this room a minute ago! In God's name, who were they, and why did not you stop them before murder was done?" he said excitedly.

Mr. Stackpoole grew quiet and self-collected at the sight of his son-in-law's agitation. "Pull yourself together, George, and tell me what you mean. There is something up to-night that needs explaining."

"But where are they? They were in this room, and if you were with them you must have witnessed what happened, or if you only came upstairs just now you must have met the young man leaving the room. The old man will never stir again," and he lifted the tablecloth and looked under the table.

"How come you to speak confidently of who was in this room a few minutes ago, when you were downstairs all the while?" asked Mr. Stackpoole.

"I was smoking a cigarette in the garden after seeing the Weston's off, walking on the broad path, when I looked up at Mamma's sitting room window and saw the shadow of two men on the blind, shown up by the electric light as clear and sharp as in a magic lantern. I saw their profiles perfectly, but I did not know their faces. They were wigs tied behind, and ruffles at their wrists, and the younger, taller man, as I saw by his shadow, wore a laced Steinkirk round his neck. They struggled together, and the old man grasped the young man by the throat, but he tore himself free, drew his sword, and ran him through the body. He fell below the level of the window out of my sight, and the younger man stood for a minute, wiped his sword, then moved away, and left the blind a white sheet of white."

"Good God! and I heard it all in my room below—the struggle and the fall, and deep groans!" said Mr. Stackpoole.

"And I met the young man—if it was anything human—and he passed me on the stairs!" said his daughter, seizing her father by the arm. "Oh, Papa, Harbledon Hall is haunted; people were right about it! Do let us leave this dreadful place to-morrow!" And the concluding notes of the sad Waldteufel waltz sighed through the house as she spoke.

Mr. Stackpoole shook his head. "I don't see how that is to be done, for your mother must not be frightened. For heaven's sake try to look as if nothing had happened. We shall be missed downstairs; I'll go, and you two must manage to bid our guests good-night decently, and not to alarm those who remain till to-morrow. We must rouse no suspicions. George, fetch Ella a glass of champagne; it will do her good."

"Oh, don't leave me alone!" cried Mrs. Beaumont, like a frightened child.

"Then I'll send wine up for you both," said her father, "and mind you must follow me directly."

Mr. Stackpoole rejoined his guests, who had not missed him, and were in the midst of the last dance with as much freshness and enjoyment as if it had been the first in the evening.

At length all the guests had departed except those composing the house party, and the ladies soon retired, leaving the gentlemen to have a smoke in the billiard-room.

"You don't look very well, Beaumont," said a young man dressed as a Tyrolean peasant, as he lit a cigar and looked up at his friend's pale face.

"It's nothing, only waltzing makes me giddy," and he mixed himself some brandy and soda.

One by one the guests bade good-night and left the room, till there only remained Mr. Stackpoole, his son-in-law, and Mr. Liston, a gentleman with very long legs, wearing tights to display them to advantage.

"Did your father-in-law know when he took Harbledon Hall that it was supposed to be haunted?" he said in a low voice to Mr. Beaumont. Mr. Stackpoole happened to hear the question, and replied to it himself.

"We heard some foolish gossip on the subject, for of course no place stands empty so long without legends being invented to account for the fact. But I am not the man to listen to vulgar chatter. I took the house, and have been highly delighted with it." And Mr. Beaumont could only admire his father-in-law's admirable self possession.

"Just so, and the electric light is the true cure for the supposed supernatural. Of course you know how suddenly Sir Roland Shawe left the place?"

"Oh, yes, we've heard all about that," said Mr. Stackpoole, forcing a laugh.

"Do you know I doubt whether you have ever heard all about it; at least, if you have, you must be a cheerful sort of person if you can laugh at it," said Mr. Liston.

"Why, of course, the whole thing was a foolish practical joke—something connected with a magic lantern, if I remember rightly."

"Magic lantern! I never even heard the word mentioned. No; if you care to hear the truth about it, I think I can tell it to you. I've lived in the county all my life, and I know the story of Harbledon Hall by heart. I only wonder you don't. I should not tell you now if I thought it would make her nervous; but since you've put in the electric light and done up the house in such cheerful modern style the whole place is changed and anyone might enjoy living here."

"Let us hear the story," said Mr. Stackpoole abruptly.

"I see I've roused your curiosity. The story goes that some hundred and fifty years ago there lived in this house a certain father and son who hated one another like devils, and it is needless to say that there was a woman in the case and a fortune at stake. The old man must have been an uncommonly bad lot, and he is said to have grossly insulted the young lady his son was about to marry, having in the first instance proposed to her himself and been refused. The two men had a deadly quarrel about it in this very house, and the upshot was that the son, mad with passion, ran his father through the heart and killed him on the spot. There, I shan't say anything more about it if it is too much for you," said Mr. Liston, struck by the white faces before him.

"Go on, go on," said Mr. Stackpoole.

"Well, one winter's night, now eight years ago, as Sir Roland Shawe was coming home late, walking across the garden, he looked up at the window of a room on the first floor where a light was burning, and he saw on the blind, in clear outline, the shadows of the old man and his son struggling together, and he saw the young man run his father through the body with his rapier."

"I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" said George Beaumont, pale as death and looking ready to faint.

"You could but say that if you had seen the grim shadows yourself. It certainly is a horrid story, and though I can't say that I believe in ghosts myself, I can offer no explanations of the details I have given you. Sir Roland believed it, and he was a clear-headed, matter-of fact sort of person. Other members of his family, too, saw and heard unaccountable things that night. One of his sons who was sitting up late for his father met the shadow of an evil-looking fellow dressed in a blue coat and wearing a powdered tie-wig, hurrying along an upper passage, carrying a naked rapier in his hand. And Lady Shawe was waked by a sound in the room next to hers, which was the room where the shadows were seen on the blind—a sound of struggling and upsetting of chairs, followed by a heavy fall and deep groans. Now, if only one person had thought that he had heard or seen unaccountable things, Sir Roland would have made the best of it and stayed on at Harbledon Hall; but, by Jove! when three rational beings are each an eye or ear witness it becomes intolerable! Whether you believe in ghosts or not, you can't put up with a thing like that!"

"By Heaven, you can't, that's true!" said Mr. Stackpoole, wiping his moist brow. "And now, Liston, that you have told me this, I'll tell you something in return. I and my family leave Harbledon Hall to-morrow for the precise reason that drove Sir Roland Shawe out of it eight years ago."

"Never!"

"As sure as I am alive we leave here to-morrow! I must find some reason for our sudden flight, but go we must, and I cannot have my wife alarmed."

"I would not spend another night in the house for the world!" said Beaumont.

"But, my dear Mr. Stackpoole, I hope that nothing that I have said leads you to make this extraordinary resolution. Your imagination is excited by what you have heard; there cannot possibly be any cause why you should leave this charming place that you have just fitted up to your own taste," said Mr. Liston soothingly.

"The story you have told us has only helped to explain what we already know. I tell you that this very night, not a couple of hours ago, in the blaze of the electric light and with the house full of company, Beaumont, my daughter, and myself have seen and heard the sights and sounds that drove Sir Roland Shawe out of Harbledon Hall; and we leave to-morrow—or rather to day, for it is nearly six o'clock now—never to spend another night under this accursed roof!" and Mr. Stackpoole's voice shook as he spoke.

"I have only to request," he added, "that you will treat this communication as strictly confidential, for neither Beaumont nor I shall care to speak or to be spoken to about what has occurred to-night."

Where was Mr. Stackpoole's intelligent curiosity on the subject of ghosts, and what had become of his courage? The one had been satisfied and the other daunted, and he had not the slightest desire to remain and investigate the mystery.

At late breakfast Mrs. Stackpoole was shocked by the appearance of her family. It would have been difficult to say which was most pale and haggard—her husband, her daughter, or her son-in-law. They made the poor excuse that late hours did not suit them and that dancing knocked them up, and she told them that they looked like very young children who had been to their first pantomime the night before. When the last guest was gone Mrs. Stackpoole saw that there was something seriously disturbing her husband, and was at a loss to account for his changed humor.

"My dear, we will go up to town this afternoon with George and Ella," he said with quick decision.

"Impossible," replied his wife, calmly. "You, of course, can go if you like, but I really cannot."

"Oh, do come with us, Mamma! You know how much Papa wishes it," said her daughter.

"Yes, do come with us," urged her son-in-law with unwonted ardor; "it is so long since we met," forgetting that they had spent the last month together.

Mrs. Stackpoole laughed. "There is evidently some deep laid plot among you three to hurry me off. Well, if you will be any the happier for my coming with you I'll do so, though it is most inconvenient to leave home in this sudden way," said the good tempered lady.

And they traveled up to London that day, never to return to Harbledon Hall. Mr. Stackpoole so managed that his wife did not know his real reason for giving up the most charming house they had ever lived in. He preferred that she should attribute it to his restlessness and caprice, anything rather than that her nerves should be shaken by hearing the truth.

He consulted a fashionable physician, first giving him a hint that he wished to be ordered off to the South of France immediately, and the hint being taken, he told his long suffering wife that Dr. Blank had recommended him to go abroad at once, and in two days they were en route for Marseilles.

Mrs. Stackpoole was accustomed to her husband's impulsive, angular movements, so that it did not greatly disturb her; but when a week later he said that he had decided to give up Harbledon Hall, and to look for a place somewhere in the eastern counties which were as yet untrodden ground to him, she shed tears of present disappointment and prospective fatigue.

When the much enduring lady had dried her eyes and her husband had enumerated to her in detail every reason but the real one for which he was leaving their beautiful home, she said, "My dear, if I did not know better, I should be forced to believe that you too had seen the ghost that frightened Sir Roland Shawe out of Harbledon Hall eight years ago!"

I DESIRE that all my brethren should labor at useful occupations that we may be less of a burden to people, and also that we may be less subject to maladies of the heart and tongue, and may not be tempted to evil thoughts or evil speaking. Those who cannot work let them learn to work.

At Home and Abroad.

The first book made of ground-wood paper has recently been placed in the Berlin testing office for examination. The book is said to be in good condition, and as it was printed in 1852, nearly half-a century ago, the argument that wood-paper has no durable qualities does not, from this, appear to be justified.

An experiment has been made in this country of making stockings and gloves from paper. It has proved the greatest success. The texture is given solidity and durability by being placed in a bath consisting of a mixture of tallow and potato starch, and when finished its appearance is said to closely resemble the articles made from wool and cotton.

The court of France was little behind that of Spain in the matter of etiquette, if an old chronicler writes truly. He says that the first woman-of the-bedchamber let down the queen's hair, the first maid-of-honor combed it, the first maid-in-waiting handed the queen's petticoat to the first woman-of the-bedchamber, who put it on the queen, and the first maid-in-waiting put on the queen's shoes and stockings.

People passing along one of the main streets of Springfield, Mass., the other day were treated to a surprise of a novel sort. A druggist's messenger dropped a gallon jug of concentrated ammonia, and the powerful liquid spread out all over the sidewalk, and its odor spread all over the neighborhood. People coming upon the scene clapped their hands to their noses, hurriedly crossed the street and walked on, wiping the tears from their eyes, without stopping to investigate the circumstances.

Recent excavations in Greece are bringing to light a most interesting number of antiquities. In Athens, near the Areopagus, a cluster of buildings has been discovered, whilst outside the boundaries of the city the ancient Treasury of Athens has been uncovered, showing a number of inscriptions, mostly official documents relating of Athenian matters. A large statue of Apollo in Naxian marble dug up at this spot, and bearing the signature of an Argive artist, is likely to alter the prevalent theories of early Greek art. Another "Hymn to Apollo," with music, has been found, and as many as forty inscriptions have been seen in one day. Nor is the discovery of these treasures of antiquity confined to Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence," for at Argos and Eretria large temples have been laid bare, as well as at classic Delos.

There are many every-day phrases which we constantly use, but to whose origin we never give a thought. It is exceedingly interesting to trace some of them to their source. For instance, to "dance attendance" is an expression borrowed from the mediæval custom which compelled the bride at a wedding to dance with whomsoever asked her. No matter how low the condition, or how offensive the person, she could not refuse. "To put one's foot in it," is an English agricultural expression. After the milk is drawn from the cows it is usually placed in large, flat pans, and set upon the ground to cool, in which position it is an easy matter for any clumsy person to put his foot in the pan. On the other hand, "A feather in his cap" is of Hungarian origin, for during the centuries when the bitter struggles with Turkey and that country were going on, the Hungarian soldiers were allowed to wear one feather in their caps for every Turk they had killed, and so the slaughter of an additional enemy meant more feathers in the cap. How often a saying may be taken for mere slang is proved by "In the same boat," which is commonly believed to be a pure Americanism; it was first used by Clement of Rome in a letter he wrote to the Church of Corinth in the year 100.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Our Young Folks.

ELSIE.

"MOTHER, to-morrow is Tiny's birthday; may we have a picnic?"

"Birthdays seem very numerous, Elsie!" laughed mother. "Jack had a birthday and a picnic only last week."

"Yes, mother, but we cannot help it. It is Tiny's to-morrow, and we ought to have a picnic. Tiny would so like one."

"Would Elsie so like to stay at home, while Tiny and the rest go for a picnic?"

"No, mother; you know I want to go to the picnic! But the others do, too. Ah, do say 'yes,' mother!" and the little girl threw her arms coaxingly round her mother.

"Well, will you promise to be very good children? You will not get into any mischief, and you will do just what Sarah tells you?"

"Yes, mother! oh, thank you, mother! you are a dear kind——" The rest of the sentence took the form of a bear-like hug, and the impetuous little girl darted away to tell the joyful news to her sister and brothers.

Early next morning, before the heat of the day came on, Jack, Elsie, Tiny, and Geof, and Sarah the nurse, with baby, started on their expedition.

"Now, children," mother said, when they were going, "don't get wild; look out for snakes, and don't play with the fire. Leave Sarah to light the fire and cook."

"Yes, mother! oh yes, mother!" came the chorus of ready promises; and the joyous party went their way.

Now, I dare say many of my little readers have discovered that it is very easy to make promises, and just as easy to break them; and this poor Elsie soon learnt to her sorrow.

It was early in January, which all Victorian children know is a very hot month.

The sky was cloudless, a very pale blue, fading into white near the horizon, as it always does when the heat of the sun is [illegible]

But the early morning was comparatively cool.

Jack and Geof were dressed in summer suits, and big shady hats, while the little girls wore white frocks and sun bonnets.

"Sarah, let us go up near the scrub—there is a lovely camp there, isn't there, Jack? You know the place I mean?"

"Yes, Elsie, I know—a grand place; it isn't far, Sarah."

"But how can we get there, Master Jack? Remember baby's pram."

"Oh, that is all right. I'll lift the pram over the fences," answered Jack.

So they turned off the road and into the paddocks.

"Now, do mind that you don't tread on a snake, Miss Elsie! You should not run through that thick dry grass!" cried Sarah, as the little girl in her high spirits ran wildly about.

The tall brown grass rippled like waves as the wind passed over it, making a billowy, ever changing surface; but the beauty of it all was lost on poor Sarah, who only thought what a dreadful snake harbor it was, and who had to stop ever and anon to take the cruel grass seeds, with their treacherous barb-like spears, out of poor Tiny and Geof's socks and feet.

The provisions for the picnic were packed in one end of the baby's perambulator, and Jack, who was a kind and thoughtful boy, often took a turn at wheeling it, while Sarah had a rest.

There were several big, shadeless paddocks to cross, and a lot of fences to lift the perambulator over, which was hard work with all the provisions in it—but this was bravely achieved by Sarah and Jack, while Elsie held baby.

At last they were out of the paddocks and in the open bush, and soon reached the thick scrub at the foot of the hills.

Oh, the welcome shade at last! and a drink of water after the hot walk!

Sarah soon had the fire lit, the billy boiled, and tea made.

While she did this the children had unpacked all the good things that kind mother had stowed away in the perambulator—sandwiches, cakes, figs and plums.

How delicious they seemed to the hungry party! and what fun it was having dinner out here: only the flies were a horrid nuisance, and would fall into the tea, and get into one's eyes, and gave Geof and baby each a "bung eye," as a certain form of swelling blight is vulgarly called.

After dinner there were lots of games till the children felt tired, and were just settling down for a quiet rest, when a thunder-storm began to threaten, and Sarah said they must hasten home.

While she and Jack were hastily packing everything up, and washing the cups in the creek, Elsie, who had been told to mind Tiny and Geof, moved towards the fire with her little charges.

Sarah had taken care to select a bare spot on which to build the fire, and had heaped it all up to die out when done with.

There now seemed to be little left but a heap of gray ashes, and mischievous little Geof poked a stick into the centre of the heap, revealing as he did so a bed of glowing coals beneath.

"How very careless Sarah is!" exclaimed Elsie; "the wind will blow it all up again. Stand back, children, while I beat it out!" And she broke a green branch from a bush close by, and began to vigorously beat the heap.

"Oh, oh! Elsie, Elsie! it is on me! I'm burnt!"

The cry made the impetuous girl pause, and looking round she saw that her little sister's white frock was all ablaze.

Poor little Tiny in her fright ran screaming back to Sarah, followed by Geof, the lustiness of whose voice made up for the slowness of his fat legs.

Elsie flung down her branch, and darted after her sister, but though she was generally a swift runner, her legs seemed to fail her now, and she only reached the rest, trembling and panting with fright, as Sarah caught the burning child, and folding her in her own skirts extinguished the flames before they had injured more than her face and hands.

"See, Elsie! what is that?" cried Jack, springing from his knees, where he had been soothing little Tiny as she sat in Sarah's lap. "What is that fire?" Without waiting for an answer he ran towards the camp, from which a column of smoke was ascending, Elsie following with all the speed her poor trembling legs would permit of.

Oh! Elsie, Elsie! what had she done? Why did she not remember her promise to her mother to leave the fire alone? Sarah had packed it safely, and Elsie with her branch had scattered sparks and hot ashes all around in the dry grass; the hot wind fanned these, and in a few minutes a bush-fire had sprung up—the dense scrub was all in flames.

Jack would not allow his sister to approach the fire in her light dress, but he strove manfully himself to prevent it from spreading. Although he had had some lessons from his father in the right way of beating a fire, his efforts now were all in vain, for he was working against a strong, hot wind, and the fire rapidly spread amongst the dry underwood that was all ready to burst into flames.

"You can't do no good, Master Jack! The sooner we get home and give notice the better. I am only thankful it don't blow our way!" said Sarah.

So they started home, and were thankful to meet their father and several workmen riding hard to the scene of the fire; they had noticed the smoke from a distance.

The heavy storm that had threatened all the afternoon came on in the evening and helped the workers to extinguish the fire before it got into the hills.

What a sorry sight the picnic party made when they reached home, all tired and frightened, and black with smoke and dust, and poor little Tiny with her blistered face and hands!

Poor Elsie! It was a sad ending to a merry day. But though she was a careless, thoughtless little girl, she was not cowardly or dishonest, so she told mother at once how it was all her fault that the fire occurred, because she had forgotten what mother told her.

But she was never such a careless little girl again

WHAT STICKS HAVE DONE.—The first head of saffron was smuggled out of Greece in the hollow of a pilgrim's staff; in like fashion silkworms arrived in the south of Europe, the first tulip bulb entered Holland, and the first asparagus made its way into England.

The seeds of the melon, apricot, tomato, onion, cauliflower, and quince, were all carried out of the countries that strove to keep the monopoly of them, in the hollow of a staff.

The fashion of concealing "portable property" in the walking stick was not confined to the days of the pilgrims; being a useful contrivance, it has survived to the present day.

Henry VIII., we read, gave forty-eight shillings for a cane "garnyshed with golde, perfume in the top, a foot rule, a knife, and a file of golde concealed therein." At one time a sword stick was the constant companion of a gentleman's rambles.

A cane, innocent in appearance, sprang at a moment's notice into a formidable weapon—a useful ally at a period when highways and byways were alike unsafe.

Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland" in 1796, speaks of seeing "at a gentleman's house in Glen Lion, a curious walking staff belonging to one of his ancestors. It was iron, cased in leather, five feet long; at the top a neat pair of extended wings like a caduceus; but upon being shook, a poniard two feet nine inches long darted out."

Medicine, surgical instruments, sextants, theodolites have all been carried in sticks. Sir Christopher Wren's substantial ebony cane was a veritable multum in parvo; it had a mariner's compass set in the hand, and also held a pen, pencil, protractor, pair of compasses, and measuring rods.

Among the quaint memorial sticks kept as relics may be placed one preserved by the pious monks of Tolentino. It purports to be the stick with which the Author of Evil belabored the shoulders of St. Nicholas of that city.

The town of Tcaritzin possesses one belonging to Peter the Great, which he presented to the Governor, saying, "Here is my stick with which I have kept my friends in order. May it serve to protect you against your enemies."

FRESH AIR.—In former times, few people appreciated the value of fresh air; but now the tide runs the other way, and all the dull people have learned the phrase "fresh air," and insist on having what they call "fresh air" at any cost, and without regard to times and places.

Two men will come into the spacious parlor of a club; the air, though warm, is much purer and cooler by five degrees than the furnace-blast of the streets that they have left. The incomers are entirely comfortable until one of them notices that the windows are shut.

Then they remember the formula "fresh air;" the windows are ordered open; in comes the heated gust from without, laden with the animal refuse that forms the chief ingredient of the dust in our large cities.

These intelligent men draw near the open window; they inhale the "winged odors" of the streets, they murmur their formula, "A little fresh air;" they have cleared their consciences, and are happy. And in traveling, what do we not suffer from this ignorant conception of "fresh air?"

We have all seen the lady who must have the window open in the railway-carriage; in the summer she breathes the railway-sparks and cinders, and she catches a bad cold on every winter journey; nothing short of pneumonia will convince her narrow ignorance that there are other things to think about in traveling than what she calls "fresh air."

A MECHANICAL HORROR.—Machinery is a monthly journal published at Johannesberg, South Africa. In the October number just received is an account of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu Prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in India.

Near the dial of an ordinary looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs, and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons.

When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of one, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap, by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and walking up to the gong, strikes one blow.

This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When two o'clock, two skeletons get up and strike, while at the stroke of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strikes, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then fall to pieces, as before.

[illegible] law takes no account of [illegible] dead. Not so in France. A Parisian lady has just obtained a verdict against an author who published some defamatory statements of her grandfather.

A NATIONAL movement for a monument to John Brown, to be erected at Harper's Ferry, has begun among the colored people.

Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

In the German stove works employes are paid from 48c. to $1 20 a day.

Not quite 2000 persons are living who possess British orders of knighthood.

People in Madison county, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the Sheriff.

Paris deaf mutes may hereafter be employed as clerks in the various departments of the administration.

A Rockford, Ill., man has invented a type-writer no larger than a watch, on which he says it is possible to write faster than with the pen.

The smallest bird is a species of humming bird common in Mexico and Central America. It is not quite so large as a blue-bottle fly.

There are 48,000 artists in Paris, more than half of them painters. The number of paintings sent in to the exhibitions last year was about 40,000.

The astronomer Schiapparelli was excessively near-sighted, and yet he was the first man to discover the canals of Mars with a very inferior telescope.

A Kansas judge recently committed the local agent of a brewing company to jail for contempt of Court for refusing, when on the witness stand as an expert, to drink some of his own beer.

Although Trail Creek, B. C., is said to be no place for a poor man, it is reported that one miner made $30,000 this year by locating claims and selling them at prices ranging from $500 to $1500, according to the surface showing.

A Spanish proverb says, "On Tuesday one should never travel or marry," and so strongly is this superstition believed in, that even in Madrid there are never any weddings on Tuesdays, and the railway trains are almost empty.

After several years of tireless warfare and the payment of many thousands of dollars in bounties, the farmers of Berlen county, Mich., have given up fighting the English sparrow pest. The sparrows are more numerous than ever.

The ordinary pension to the widow of a lieutenant in the English army is $300, and $50 for each child. A captain's widow has $350, and $20 for each child; a lieutenant colonel's widow has $450, and $50 for each child; a general's widow $900, and $100 for each child.

Cigar makers of San Francisco are going to establish a strike shop. When a strike is ordered in any factory in the city the workmen will be put at work in the strike shop at regular wages, instead of remaining idle and in receipt of strike allowance from the union.

Some 20 tons of silk spinning and weaving machinery were shipped from Stonington, Conn., to Moscow, Russia, recently. Sixty tons more are ordered for the same place and parties. The machinery is for use in a big silk mill recently built in the old capital of Russia.

France is said to have a new coinage. The new gold pieces will show on the face a head of the Republic in profile turned to the right; above it an olive tree; while in the background the roofs of a French village on one side and a minaret on the other. The obverse will represent the French cock crowing.

Very few people among the general public know that a certain class of small brokers and stick and umbrella sellers, of London, who have not got regular shops of their own, make quite a living out of the sales of articles left in railway carriages and waiting rooms, and subsequently disposed of at auction.

At Hammerfest, in Norway, the most northern town in Europe, the Polar night commenced on November 18, and will last to January 23. The city is illuminated during these dark days by electricity. The Hammerfest people have a most enjoyable time during their winter. Dancing is the most popular form of amusement.

A Tyrolese mountain guide was recently tried at Batzen for manslaughter, in taking a man who was physically unfit for the climb over a dangerous mountain pass, where he was killed. The jury acquitted the guide on the facts of the case, but the principle of the responsibility of guides for the proper qualifications of tourists is established for the first time.

The marshy ground of the Ganges delta, with its vast masses of vegetation, decaying under a tropical sun, is the native home of cholera. In that pestilential region the cholera and plague are found every year, and all the year round. Every cholera epidemic which has desolated Europe, every visitation of the plague, is believed to have started from the mouth of the Ganges.

At Penaud, a small village in Prussia, a farmer died on March [illegible]. Since then one of his sons has been sickly, and somehow a rumor was started that the dead man would not rest until he had drawn nine members of the family after him to the grave. To "conjure" the spirit a priest ordered the grave to be opened and the [illegible]. Accordingly, the sick man, armed with a spade, went to the cemetery, exhumed his father's body and cut off the head.

STARS.

BY S. O.

They glide upon their endless way,
For ever calm; for ever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the Daughters of the Night;
They fall in the track of day,
In divine delight.

Shine on, sweet orbed souls for aye,
For ever calm, for ever bright;
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light,
Be still a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night.

A LOT OF PARADOXES.

In spite of the advance of modern science, there will always remain, for man's delectation, an abundant store of marvels. Fact being stranger than fiction, there will always be, as there always has been, a "queer side of things"—a region quite as fertile in surprises as that explored by Alice in Wonderland. The difficulty is not so much to know how to select, as to know where to begin, in the way of illustration.

Curiously enough, not a few scientific paradoxes are to be found in the economy of human vision. There is that old puzzle-paradox, for example—one which even the intellect of a Kepler did not despise—to wit, how it is that we see objects erect, notwithstanding the well-known fact that the pictures on the retina of the eye are inverted.

Kepler, in his Supplement to Vitellio, was fain to conclude that the inverted image, somehow or other, but chiefly with the aid of the other senses, such as that of touch—was "rectified" by the judgment of the observer! Later physiologists have exercised their ingenuity over the self-same problem.

Quite lately, in a scientific journal of no mean repute, the position was gravely maintained that the observer, having really no other criterion of up or down than the evidence of his own (inverted) vision, upside down was really the same thing as down-side up, or, in other words, erect!

He was an acute observer who once remarked, "the more knowledge, the more paradox." This would seem to be true nowadays, seeing that it is seriously doubted, in scientific circles, if we see with our eyes at all! Professor Hirth, a recognized authority on such subjects, contends that it is only in a very limited sense that we can be said to see with our eyes, and that, in any case, we do not perceive with them, this latter function being reserved for certain important organs of the brain, termed by him the "internal eyes."

After such a startling paradox as the above, we may be pardoned for being somewhat sceptical of anything connected with the pair of organs which we are accustomed to call our eyes. And rightly so, for paradox once more confronts us here. Of having two eyes most of us are tolerably assured. It seems, however, that our remote ancestors were credibly possessed of three, the third being situated at the back of the head!

Unfortunately, all that remains to us of this doubtless highly useful organ is represented by the pineal gland, a soft body about the size of a pea, situated at the base of the brain. This rudimentary structure, however, in some lower forms of life—notably in one kind of lizard—has an opening to the light, and is undoubtedly susceptible of visual impressions.

Passing by some curious paradoxes connected with the phenomena of "color blindness," a much more complicated affair than it is generally supposed to be, we find the reign of paradox to extend far beyond the range of human vision, into the realms of space.

Not long ago the popular mind was much exercised by the discovery of some curious rectilinear markings on the surface of the planet Mars, which were conjectured by some to be canals—a conclusion perhaps scarcely justified by the facts.

Professor Delbœuf, however, availing himself of this hypothesis, framed some elaborate calculations, based on the density and force of gravitation on the Martian planet, as compared with our own, conclusively showing that, if Mars were really inhabited by human beings, they must be entirely different from ourselves in many respects, the conditions of life there, owing to the laws of gravitation alone, being perfectly irreconcilable with our mode of living.

Amongst other things, Professor Delbœuf demonstrated that the Martians, other things being equal, would ascend six of our ordinary steps at a time, and that owing to his power of levitation they would require to have their windows barricaded against the burglar up to the second story of their houses. His conclusions are too numerous to be here detailed, but it may be added that hammers in Mars, in order to drive a nail with the necessary force, must needs be sixteen times heavier than ours. In fact, that planet, judging by our own ideas, must be the very home of paradox, and in marvels far surpass Lilliput or Brobdingnag.

Even space itself—empty space, as we are accustomed to call it—is no longer a void; it literally teems with paradoxes. A twenty-two-ton Armstrong gun hurls a solid shot a distance of twelve miles, the highest point in the arc described by the shot being seventeen thousand feet above the earth's surface.

Imagine, now, that the projectile, instead of returning to the earth in a gradually descending curve, were to continue its flight into what is commonly called infinite space, what would be the ultimate result? We might naturally conclude that its prolonged flight would lead it ever farther and farther away from the point of departure. This, however, is by no means so certain as it at first sight appears.

The refinements of mathematical investigation have led several inquirers to question whether the shot might not, of course after a lapse of time indefinitely great, return to the place from which it was fired, from precisely the opposite direction, just as a vessel circumnavigating the globe might sail eastward, round the Cape of Good Hope, returning, from the westward, via Cape Horn. It all depends upon the nature of space.

For the benefit of the curious, it may be added that the matter mainly hinges upon the still undecided question whether the three angles of a triangle are greater than, equal to, or less than two right angles.

When paradox thus invades the enclosure hitherto sacred to Euclid and the older mathematicians we should not really be startled to hear that there is some underlying fallacy, some secret paradox, even in that time-honored conclusion that twice two are four! Now, as Artemus Ward would say, why is this thus? The rationale of this seeming paradox may be left to be discovered by the reader's ingenuity.

Grains of Gold.

When we give grudgingly, we do not give at all.

Self-righteousness is as hard to cure as cancer.

Many people fail by not making a good beginning.

Labor is drudgery only when we do not put heart in our work.

Whoever comes face to face with unselfish love has to stop and think.

It is as necessary to have an aim in spiritual matters, as it is in real life.

A little man never looks so big to the world as when he is standing on a bag of money.

It is not so much what we put into our pockets, as what we take out that makes us rich.

Our future well-being has nothing to do with our being sincere, unless we are also right.

When a man brags on himself, people, seeing that he is able to take care of himself, let him do it.

Femininities.

The Queen of Roumania fairly revels in literature.

"Every time I see you I am reminded of Herr Bummel." "How so?" "He owes me $20."

The Queen never removes from her hand the three rings connected with her courtship and marriage.

The Princesses of the English royal family have, on the average, married at the age of 22, and princes at 28.

Details in the life of a farmer's wife: Get to bed, get up, get breakfast, get dinner, get supper, get to bed, get up.

A: Tom must have had an awful cold when he became engaged. B: Why? A: "Because when one has a cold one had no taste.

"You got rid of $3750 in one day's shopping?" "That's right." "What kind of shopping were you doing?" "Bucket shopping."

The spelling reform mania which raged a short time since has passed away, and the man who spells now with a k can no longer pass for a Greek scholar.

The ex-Empress Frederick of Germany, in her early married life, embroidered a piece of tapestry upon which all her children knelt when confirmed.

Princess Maria, wife of Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, has just started her relatives by having her photograph taken in a fireman's uniform, helmet and all.

Dialogue near the sea: "I do not see how you ladies can remain here two months looking upon the changeless ocean." "But the men change," was the reply of a lady.

Sometimes it gives a man the shivers temporarily to sit in a church and hear his wife singing earnestly, and more or less melodiously, "Oh, that I had a thousand tongues!"

Ernesta Grisi, 80 years old and last of the family that included Giulia Grisi, the singer, and Carlotta Grisi, the dancer, is dead. Ernesta was the elder sister of Carlotta and cousin to Giulia.

Dumas' body will be placed in a tomb not far from that in which lies Marie Duplessis, the original of Camille. Once every year Dumas visited her tomb and placed a wreath of flowers upon it.

Lawyer: You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch? Witness: It had my sweetheart's picture in it. Lawyer: Ah! I see. A woman in the case.

"Aren't you fond of gazing at heavenly bodies?" she asked, as they stood shivering in the morning air, watching the comet. "Yes, dear," he murmured, softly, as he looked her in the eye.

When a California man sees "no cards" at the end of a marriage notice of a friend he remarked that "that girl has put some pious notions in Jim's head, but he'll get over them after he has been married a while."

"Wimmin," said Mr. Grogan, "is moighty similar in wan way." "An fwat's that?" inquired Mr. Hogan. "No mather how minny av thim you git acquainted wid, they're all alike in bein' different from wan another."

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for a letter; sneeze on Tuesday, something better; sneeze on Wednesday, kiss a stranger; sneeze on Thursday, sneeze for danger; sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow; sneeze on Saturday, kiss your sweetheart to-morrow.

The Duke of Marlborough's cigarettes must have a stopping of cotton to keep the nicotine from his mouth. In England this is said to be the keynote of the Duke's character—his health is not the most robust, and he coddles himself most carefully.

Some of the banks in New York find it to their advantage in cashing checks drawn by and for women to pay them in clean, crisp new bills or coin. In this way they cater successfully to the instinctive feminine regard for nicety and neatness, and find their reward in feminine appreciation.

"For what are we created?" said a female lecturer on beginning her speech. "For what are we created?" in a louder key. Then, third and last call. "For what are we created?" she fairly shrieked; and she was just on the point of explaining the matter, when a voice in a far-off corner shouted; "I give it up."

Little Grand Duchess Olga, of Russia, was taken from the Alexander Palace to be christened at Zarskoe Selo in a state carriage built in 1709 for Catherine I. It is heavily gilt, decorated with the Empress' monogram, and lined with red velvet. The harness is studded with diamonds. The coach was used at the coronation of Alexander II. in 1856, and at that of Alexander III. in 1883.

Says Yvette Guibert: As soon as I get back to Paris I'm going to have somebody write me a song which I have already planned. The refrain of every verse is to be "Cash!" and in the first stanza I will explain how the American shops the girls all cry "Cash!" In the second verse it will be a little girl that cries "Cash!" and so on until when she becomes older and is no longer a good shop girl, she continues to call "Cash!"

Masculinities.

A homely woman is not necessarily a woman who stays at home.

It takes a young man many years to distinguish himself from a genius.

Wives, be good to your husbands. There is an epidemic of missing men.

No matter what portion of a man's body you hit, the blow goes against his stomach.

The young man who boasted that he would yet make a noise in the world now beats a gong for a hotel.

Queen Victoria has ten animals on exhibition at the Birmingham Agricultural Society's show this year.

Mrs. Orr, an inmate of the Kingston (Ont.) House of Industry, is now 110 years old. She has just been baptized.

Some one told a girl in town recently that she had a good profile, and a photographer has made $7 on her since.

She: I notice that it is the single men who are the most anxious to go to war. He: Yes. They don't know what war is.

The Bachelor: It's easier to break things than to make them. The Engaged Young Man, dubiously: I don't know about that.

A Topeka man is at work on a scheme of crossing the milk weed with the strawberry, for the purpose of raising strawberries and cream.

"By George, if I were in your place," said the officious friend, "I would apply for a divorce." "I'd like to," admitted Mr. N. Peck, "but she won't let me."

The "new women" are coming to the front in Finland. They have formed volunteer fire brigades in Helsingfors and other towns, and have done first-rate work.

Medium: You wish to know about your husband? Did you bring any article belonging to him—something he has been in the habit of handling? Wife: I brought a pack of cards.

"Why do you carry your purse in your hand?" asked a husband of his young wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light that I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."

Mary Bosen Key Brown, colored, who died the other day in Bradford county, Pa., was the wife of Philip Key, a slave of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. Henry Peck: Bah! I only married you because I pitied you, when nobody else thought anything about you! Mr. Henry Peck, wearily: Ah, well, my dear, everybody pities me now!

Lecocq, the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," is trying to get a divorce from the wife to whom he has been married for twenty years on the ground of incompatibility of temper.

An electric railway company of Long Island City presented a prize of $25 to each of its motormen and conductors who got through the year without any accident to their cars. Over half of the men were entitled to this reward.

A speaker at a Boston meeting, the other day, told of a commercial traveler who said he had traveled in one year 6000 miles, had been asked to drink more than that many times, but had not once been asked to go to a church.

Clergyman, who has forgotten the day of the month: "Let me see, this is the—ah—the thirtieth, I believe?" Fond mother, not catching the idea exactly, but thinking of her family: "Why, bless me, no—this is only the eleventh!"

Wife: I can remember the time when you followed me wherever I went; now you do not care to go anywhere with me. I never thought that your love would so soon grow cold. Nonsense! A man doesn't run for a street car after he has caught it.

It is becoming quite the fashion nowadays for a young man, when he leaves college, to go into the real estate business. For a bright man, this business offers more immediate rewards than does law or medicine, and its final profits are quite as good.

"I wish," said Willie Washington, with a touch of real emotion in his voice, "that I could bwing myself to be of more consequence in this world." "Oh, don't worry. Everybody has his use." "Y-a-s; but I am getting a little tiahed of being just a chrysanthemum-holder."

The question has been raised as to what the new woman would do in case of war. Without venturing into details it may be safely said that, if she should engage the attention of the enemy as much as she now does that of her contemporaries, he would not have much time left for fighting.

A countryman with his bride stopped at a hotel the other day. At dinner, when the waiter presented the bill of fare, the young man inquired: "What's this?" "Bill of fare, sir," replied the waiter. The countryman took it in his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife and then at the waiter, and finally dived his hand into his pocket and inquired, "How much is it?"

Latest Fashion Phases.

A very swell gown is in soft, dark green cloth, and one of the new figured velvets which has the green ground patterned with a conventional design in mauve and deep yellow, with just a suggestion of blue. This gown is the very latest adaptation of the princesse robe. The graceful skirt of green cloth is quite plain, and is cut out just above the waist line in the shape of a belt. It is connected with the collar by a central band of cloth, which is a continuance of the skirt. The intervening space is made of the velvet, which is the actual bodice. Tiny zouaves of cloth, edged with a narrow band of sable fur, enrich this charming bodice. Three handsome little miniature buttons, encircled with gold filigree, are arranged on either side of the upper part of the cloth band, while two of these pretty buttons appear at the waist line. The cloth collar band is edged with fur, and projecting over this at either side is a shaped piece of velvet, which is edged with a little quilling of brown satin, the shade being a reproduction of the brown of the fur. Two outstanding loops of brown satin ribbon adorn either side of the collar band. The large sleeve is cut leg-o'-mutton shape, and is embellished at the wrist by a cloth cuff, which is edged with fur.

Another striking gown shows a pleasing combination of cloth, velvet, fur, lace, moire and satin. The cloth skirt is made of a rich shade of cigar-brown, which opens over a tablier of violet mirror velvet.

The coat bodice is made of violet velvet, and has short, almost plain, basques at the back. The waist is outlined by sundry little tabs of black moire ribbon, which are separated by tiny jet buttons. A deep square collar of chinchilla fur adorns the back of the coat. In the front there are square revers of ivory-white satin, covered with deep-yellow lace, which opens to display a vest of the softest white lisse. A jabot of the yellow lace ornaments either side of the vest. A wide half-belt, of black moire, fastened with three blue enamel buttons set in diamonds, adorns the front. The gigot velvet sleeve is trimmed at the wrist by a pointed cuff of white satin covered with yellow lace and edged with fur. The velvet collar-band has a ruffle of yellow lace at the upper edge, and is finished at the back by a jabot of the same.

An elegant loose, graceful coat is embellished in the centre of the front with a wide band of myrtle velvet enriched with black silk passementerie, and framed with Persian lamb fur. The large fur collar extends well over the shoulders. The huge leg-of-mutton sleeve is finished at the wrist by a deep fur cuff. It is lined throughout with green and black shot silk. The muff is Persian lamb.

The hat worn with this coat is black velvet, trimmed with many black ostrich feathers and a black aigrette.

A very chic coat is made of dark blue cloth, trimmed with blue velvet, white velvet broche and chinchilla fur, and lined with silver gray prismatic silk. This snugly fitted coat is bordered by a band of chinchilla fur, and garnished with a large collet of blue velvet. The edges, being turned back to form square revers, are faced with white white broche velvet. The collet is lined with white satin. Two loops of velvet with long ends adorn the centre of the front, and are held in position by two mother-of-pearl buckles. The collar-band is made of the velvet and is headed by a wide frill of the same. The full cloth sleeve is cut in the leg-of mutton shape, trimmed at the hand by a cuff of chinchilla fur.

The stylish little velvet bonnet is decorated with great loops of the blue velvet on either side, while soft folds and choux of the broche velvet are arranged across the front. A white aigrette is placed in the centre of the back.

A pretty redingote is made of dark green broadcloth, lined with a green and blue checked silk. The shoulders are covered by a collet of green velvet, bordered with sable fur; the same fur encircles the neck and extends in long stoles to the foot. A draped velvet belt is finished at the back by a large bow of the same. The seams of the bodice are concealed under narrow bands of black embroidery, which are continued on the skirt to the depth of nine inches. The gigot sleeve has a sable cuff.

A black felt hat, with a green velvet Tam O'Shanter crown, trimmed with green velvet choux and black ostrich tips, looks extremely well with this cosy coat.

A ravissante pelisse is made of navy velvet, trimmed with chinchilla fur. It is invisibly fastened down the left side of the front under a band of chinchilla fur. The large, high collar is made of fur. This pelisse is drawn in at the waist by a handsome jet belt. The very large bishop sleeve is finished by a band of fur and a deep velvet ruffle edged with fur. The lining of this coat is cream colored satin.

A very serviceable coat is made of black broadcloth. The back has two full plaits, which are held in position by a small cloth strap at the waist. The double-breasted front is fastened almost to the foot by large smoked-pearl buttons. The turn-down collar and pointed revers are made of the cloth. The gigot sleeve has a deep stitched cuff, enriched by a pointed strap, ornamented by a pearl button. It is lined throughout with red and blue shot silk.

A very stylish traveling cloak worn by a recent bride was made of petunia cloth, trimmed with sable fur. The loose front was fastened on the left side under a band of sable fur. The collet, with high, flaring collar, was entirely composed of the fur. The bishop sleeve was drawn into a wide fur cuff. The lining was a rich brocade.

A magnificent evening cloak is made of velvet in a lovely shade of violet, lined with cream colored satin. The back of the cloak consists of full folds of the velvet, drawn together at the waist by a big bow of black moire ribbon, which is fastened by a diamond buckle. The fronts are composed of a charming broche, with raised velvet flowers on a cream satin background, great clusters of roses, in vivid colorings, surrounded by green leaves and held together with true lovers' knots in pale yellow, which are scattered all over the creamy surface. Sable fur borders the sides and centre of the front. Deep cape epaulettes of velvet are garnished by a narrow appliqué of cream lace and edged with fur. The collar is made of fur. The very large bishop sleeves are made of velvet and finished with bands of sable fur at the wrist.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT SOME HOUSEHOLD LEAKS.

We are told that "little leaks sink great ships;" this saying applies equally to domestic as well as naval matters, and it behooves the mistress of every household to see that there are no leaks which may bring disaster to the vessel she commands.

In many houses a great deal of bread is wasted, and when the ordinary bread pudding is disliked, it is sometimes difficult to use up the pieces. One fruitful cause of so much bread being left on hand is that servants cut more than is really wanted. The fashion of the mistress or daughter cutting the bread for lunch, dinner, and supper is to be recommended, while numbers of people give orders that the servants shall cut only a small quantity of bread and butter for breakfast and tea; then the loaf and butter are placed on the sideboard and a little more can be easily cut. In cold weather, care should be taken that the butter is softened, so that there will be no difficulty in spreading it on the bread properly.

Bread should always be kept in a proper pan, or it will be rendered dry and tasteless. There is nothing better than the old-fashioned red earthed ones with covers to them. Each pantry should contain two of these, a large one that will hold several loaves, and a small one, just big enough to hold the two loaves, one brown and one white, that are in out. A second loaf should never be cut until the first one is finished, down even to the crust.

But with all her care, the housekeeper finds occasionally that she has some pieces left on hand. If so they may be toasted and cut up into dice for soups, or they may be finely grated and put in a tightly-corked bottle and will be ready to hand when any bread crumbs are required for frying purposes. Or they may be grated for fondus and puddings. A cheese fondu is a very tasty and nourishing dish, the basis of which is breadcrumbs, the other ingredients being dry, grated cheese, well beaten eggs, and a little baking powder.

Again, lemon puddings are delicious. Take equal quantities of bread-crumbs, and finely-chopped suet, say half a pound of each, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, a salt-spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and mix together with three well beaten eggs. Beat all well up together, put into a buttered mould and boil for three hours and a half. Serve with melted butter. While on the subject of puddings, I would say, do not let a half eaten pudding come to table, they do not look nice and are usually shunned, especially by gentlemen. Plum and other suet puddings can, while hot, be pressed into a small mould or basin, covered with greased paper and made thoroughly hot in the oven. They can then be turned out a second time looking like a fresh pudding. Or the remains can be cut into neat slices, when cold, and put in the oven to warm between two old plates. When nicely arranged on a hot dish and castor sugar sprinkled over then, the pudding will look quite appetising.

Milk puddings, tapioca, rice, sago, can be treated in this way; put the remains in a clean dish and make a cold custard of eggs, milk and sugar sufficient to fill the dish. Add this by degrees, beating the cold pudding lightly, and bake in a slow oven for from thirty to fifty minutes, according to size. Vegetables such as mashed turnips, potatoes, and so forth, press in baking cups with a little butter, and made hot in the oven, turn out moulded without any trouble. Cauliflowers, artichokes, or celery, can be also warmed in the oven, and covered with fresh made melted butter.

Remains of cold beef or mutton, when there is a mincing machine in the house, can be finely minced for croquettes and fried, or made into pasties for the children's school lunch. These should be about the size of a sausage roll, the meat being a substitute for the sausage. These two ways are very well in summer time, but in cold weather a more substantial dish can be made of remains. Alternate layers of cold sliced potatoes, and the minced meat laid in a pie dish, the whole well moistened with well seasoned gravy, covered with a short crust and baked for thirty minutes in a moderate oven, will make a course at lunch or dinner at a very small cost.

Again, suppose there is a bone with a very little meat on it, too poverty-stricken to be sent to table again. Cut and scrape every bit of meat off it, chop up the bone and put it into a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover it, at least three hours before the meal will be required. Let it boil away as fast as it likes, adding a little more water as required. As soon as the bone is put on, peel and cut into thin slices a Spanish onion weighing about half a pound. Fry it in good beef dripping until a rich brown, put it in the saucepan with the bones, add a good pinch of salt, a little pepper, and a pinch of mixed herbs, also a very little tomato sliced thinly. Half-an-hour before it is required, put into the pan a pound of potatoes peeled and cut into dice. These will cook in about twenty minutes, take out the bones and put in the cold meat finely minced. Season to taste, and if the hash does not taste meaty enough, a little meat extract will improve it, or if the gravy is not made nice and thick by the potatoes boiling in it, a teaspoonful of cornflour previously wetted will improve the dish in appearance and taste. The meat being already cooked, the hash should not bubble up more than once or twice after it is put in, as more cooking will render it indigestible. Remains of cold fish, when freed from bones and mixed up with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, can be made into balls, put on an old plate in the oven, and allowed to get thoroughly hot, and served in the folds of a hot napkin. Or the mixture put in a dish with little bits of butter on the top, and baked for twenty minutes, will make a nice fish pie.

Many other economical dishes might be mentioned if space would permit. But I must go to another subject. Some housekeepers are always thinking their gas bills are too high. There are several items to be borne in mind if the gas bill is to be reduced. Old burners and old gas fittings are the best friends the gas companies have, as the gas escapes unconsumed. Again, gas should never be allowed to flare, as it shows a certain amount of gas is escaping that is not utilised. In a sitting room a gas pillar lamp could often be substituted for the chandelier, with its four or five lights burning away, and a much better light is obtained when the family are sitting round the table at meals, or reading or sewing.

Mince Meat.—Two and one half bowls chopped meat, twice as much chopped apple, one teacup treacle, two teacups brown sugar, one and one-half teacups cider, one teacup butter, one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful allspice, one-half teaspoonful clove, two nutmegs, one pound citron, one and one-half pounds raisins, one pound currants, and the meat liquor boiled down to about a pint. This receipt will require six pounds of beef, and one peck of apples.

ENVY is a dog that bites before barking.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL CURE

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Cripple, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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MILD BUT EFFECTIVE

Purely vegetable, not without pain, elegantly coated, tasteless, small and easy to take. Radway's Pills assist nature, stimulating to healthful activity the liver, bowels and other digestive organs, leaving the bowels in a natural condition without any bad after effects.

CURE

Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles

—AND—

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ABOUT CROWNS.

IT MAY interest the studious in the art of heraldry to trace the gradual development of Crowns, from the crude and curious fillet of metals, and garlands made with branches or leaves of plants and trees, to be met with among the records of ancient history and the middle ages, to the gorgeous and costly "state crowns," resplendent in gold and precious jewels, worn by the kings and queens of modern times.

The first mention of such ornaments comes to us from Scripture, and their use seems to have been very common among the Hebrews.

According to Holy Writ, the high priest was accustomed, on occasions of great solemnity, to wear a "crown" composed of a fillet or band of gold or silver placed upon the forehead, and tied with a ribbon of a hyacinth or azure blue color; and even private priests and common Israelites must have been in the habit of wearing, on certain days, some sort of ornamental head-work, since God commanded Ezekiel "not to take off his crown, nor assume the marks of one in mourning."

The construction of these early crowns we read about appears to have been exceedingly simple — practically nothing more or less than bandlets drawn round the head and tied behind, as we still see it represented on medals and old coins round the heads of Jupiter, the Ptolemies, and kings of Syria.

Afterward, they consisted of two bandlets; and then, by degrees, branches of various kinds of trees were introduced; and woods and groves were ransacked for different sorts of wood and plants for decorating the statues and images of their gods, and for the service of kings and emperors, and the sacrifices of the priests.

Among the Greeks, the crowns given to those who carried off the prizes at the Isthmian Games were made of pinewood; at the Olympian festivities, of laurel; and at the Nemean celebrations, of smallage.

The Roman emperors had four kinds of crowns, emblematic of their royal dignity and sovereign power—namely, a crown of laurels; a radial or radiating crown, a crown adorned with pearls and precious stones; and a kind of bonnet or cap something similar to the mortier.

In Constantine's time, the fillet of pearls came into general use, which the later Byzantine emperors turned into a coronet. It was originally only a band of gold, and then transformed into a garland, and subsequently into staff adorned with pearls. Manuel Paleologus, crowned in 1368, wore a close-fitting crown studded with pearls. The Romans had also various kinds of crowns which they distributed as rewards for martial exploits and extraordinary service on behalf of the Republic:

(1) The Oval Crown, made of myrtle, and bestowed upon generals who were entitled to the honors of the "lesser triumph," called Ovation.

(2) The Naval or Rostral Crown, composed of a circle of gold with ornaments representing "beaks" of ships, and given to the captain who first grappled, or the soldier who first boarded, an enemy's ship.

(3) The crown known in Latin as "Vallaris Castrensis," a circle of gold raised with jewels or palisades, the reward of the general who first forced the enemy's intrenchments.

(4) The Mural Crown, a circle of gold indented and embattled, given to the warrior who first mounted the wall of a besieged place, and successfully lodged a standard or the flag thereon.

(5) The Civic Crown (made of the branch of green oak), a garland of oak leaves, bestowed upon a Roman soldier who had saved the life of a citizen.

(6) The Triumphal Crown, consisting at first of wreaths of laurel, but afterwards, made of gold—the reward of such generals as had the good fortune to be successful in battle.

(7) The crown called "Obsidionalis" or "Graminea," made of the "common grass" found growing on the scene of action, and bestowed only for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last extremity. This is esteemed the highest military reward among the Roman soldiery.

Athletic crowns and crowns of laurel, destined as rewards at public games, and many other kinds of crowns for use in various Roman sports, are frequently found mentioned in the annals of Roman history.

Examples of some of these crowns are constantly met with in modern achievements; for instance, the mural crown in the case of Lord Montford, which was conferred on Sir John Bromley, one of his lordship's ancestors, as an augmentation to his arms, for his great personal bravery at the battle of Le Croby.

Part of the crest of Lord Archer is also a mural crown, and there are no fewer than ten English baronets whose arms are ornamented with the same crown.

Then, again, we have an instance of the "Castrense" or "Vallery" crown in the coat of arms of Sir Reginald Graham. The radiated crown appears also to have been placed over the arms of the kings of England till the time of Edward III.

It is still used as a crest on the arms of some private families; for example, those borne by the name of Whitfield are ornamented with a radiated crown.

The celestial crown is formed like the radiated, with the addition of a star on each ray; and it is only used upon tombstones, monuments, and the like.

The Pope or Bishop of Rome appropriates to himself a tiara or triple crown—similar to the lofty ornamental head-dress of the ancient Persians, and not unlike the mitre of the Jewish high-priest—a long cap of golden cloth, from which hang two pendants embroidered and fringed at the ends, some of crosses of gold.

This cap is enclosed by three marquises' coronets, having a mound of gold on its top, surmounted by a cross of the same precious metal, which cross is represented by engravers and painters pometted, recrossed, flowery, or plain.

It is a difficult matter to ascertain the time when these haughty prelates first assumed the three fore-mentioned coronets. An engraving published a few years ago, by order of Clement XIII., the late Pope —for the edification of his good subjects in Great Britain and Ireland — represents Marcellus, who was chosen Bishop of Rome in the year 307, and all his successors, adorned with a crown of this description.

But, according to some authorities, Boniface VIII., who was elected into the see of Rome in the year 1294, first compassed his cap with a coronet; Benedict XII. in 1335, added a second to it; and John XXIII. in 1411, a third, with a view to indicate by them that the Pope is the sovereign priest, the supreme judge, and the sole legislator among Christians.

The celebrated and ancient Iron Crown of Lombardy—removed to Vienna in 1859, but restored to the king of Italy in 1866—consisting of a broad circle of gold set with large precious stones, takes its name from the "sacred iron band" within it, which is about three-eighths of an inch broad, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness.

This band is traditionally said to have been made out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, and given to Constantine by his mother, the Empress Helena.

Afterwards, it was used at the coronation of the Lombard kings, primarily at that of Agilulphus, at Milan, in the year 591.

The outer circlet of the crown is composed of six equal parts of beaten gold, joined together by hinges, and set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue gold enamel. Within the circlet is the "iron band," without a speck of rust upon it, although it has existed for more than fifteen hundred years.

When the Emperor Napoleon I. was crowned King of Italy at Milan, May 25, 1805, he placed the iron crown of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming: "Dieu me l'a donne; gare a qui la touche," (God has given it to me; beware who touches it), which was the haughty motto attached to it by its ancient owners.

The Hungarian crown, worn at their accession by the Emperors of Austria as Kings of Hungary, is the identical one worn by Stephen eight hundred years ago.

It is of pure gold, and weighs nine marks six ounces (fourteen pounds), and is adorned with fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald, and three hundred and thirty-eight pearls.

The crown of the kings of France is a circle enamelled, adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with eight arched diadems, arising from as many fleurs-de-lis, that conjoin at the top under a double fleur-de-lis, all of gold. The crowns of Spain, Portugal, and Poland are all three of the same form.

PREDATORY CHICKS.—Try Max Adeler's method. He describes it as follows:—We had a good deal of trouble last summer with Pitman's chickens; as fast as we planted anything in our little garden, those chickens of Pitman's would creep through the fence, scratch out the seed, fill up, and go home.

When the radish-bed had been ravished in this manner for the fifth time, we complained to Pitman. He was not disposed to interfere.

"Adeler," he said, "I tell you it does 'em good; and it does them beds good to be raked over by chickens. If I have radishes, give me chickens to scratch around them and eat up the worms. Radishes that haven't been scratched ain't worth a cent."

Then we climbed over the fence with the determination to take the law in our own hands. We procured half a peck of corn and two dozen small fish-hooks. Fastening the hooks each to a grain of corn, we tied a wire to each hook.

Then we scattered the whole of the corn on the radish-bed, and fixed the ends of the wires to the biggest sky-rocket we could get. The rocket stood in a frame about ten yards away from the hook. That next morning Pitman's chickens came over, and instantly began to devour the corn.

We were ready, and, as soon as it was evident that the hooks were all swallowed, we applied a match to that rocket. It is regarded as probable that no barn-yard fowls that have existed since the days of Noah ever proceeded toward the azure vault of heaven with such rapidity as those did.

A fizz, a few ejaculatory cackles, a puff of smoke, and Pitman's roosters and chickens were swishing around among the celestial constellations without their feathers, and in some doubt respecting the stability of earthly things.

Pitman never knew what became of his fowls; but when we read in the paper next day that twenty-four underdone chickens, with fish-hooks in their craws, had been rained down by a hurricane in New Jersey, we felt certain that that sky-rocket had done its duty.

MOTHER-WIT.—A pretty long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment.

One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier.

Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my Guard, for I see you know how to be prompt."

The newly-made officer received his commission the next morning. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvoroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion.

"How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff.

"All that are not caught yet," was the answer.

"How far is it to the moon?"

"Two of your excellency's forced marches."

"What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?"

"I'd tell them that there was a wagon-load of whiskey just behind the enemy's line."

Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with "What's the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word."

"I say it now then," answered Suvoroff —"and a right good officer you'll be."

A VEXED QUESTION.—The great problem is how to train and keep the physical system at the top of its capacity for work and enjoyment all the time. Those who do not get an abundant of outdoor exercise in their regular avocations must secure its equivalent in some other way, or suffer the consequences.

The more exacting the work of the brain, the more needful is it to keep the whole system toned to the highest degree of endurance and vitality. How to do this each must settle for himself as best he can, with such professional advice as he can command; but to do it in some way is both an interest and a duty. There is a religion of the body as well as of the spirit; indeed, true religion includes both body and mind. It is not a crusade on calisthenics and the other methods of physical training that is wanted, but a wiser and more general use of them. We have mastered the art of making a perfect tree, and persuading a rose to bloom in any color we may choose; we know exactly how to rear just such a horse or dog as we desire; but who shall tell us how to develop and train the human body to perfection? When we go back and study the old Greek and Roman models, our pride ooses out, and we are inclined to question whether we have not lost in one way quite as much as we have gained in another by this intangible something we call civilization.

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Humorous.

A BAD CASE.

He had made up his mind to propose
And ask her that night for his bride
But pit-a-pat so his heart goes
As tho' dancing a jig in his side.

Then blurting out, "Oh, I would fain
Just ask you a question to-night—"
She quickly divined and saw plain
Whence all his confusion and plight,

"And yet—" he continues, "Oh, well
Hereafter perhaps I may ask—"
She inquires, her voice like a bell,
"Is it really a difficult ask?"

"No, but it makes me so shaky, unfirm."
She adds, "Why, for that there's a stop.
Perhaps it's what all doctors would term
A case of heart failure, to pop."

W. M.

"Why," exclaimed a tourist, "a donkey couldn't climb that hill;" and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it."

Her papa: Have you any prospects, young man?

Young man: Yes, sir. I hope to become your son-in-law.

A young man having remarked that the sight of certain fruit made his mouth water, an old toper who stood by exclaimed:

"Well, if there's anything that'll make my mouth water, I don't want to see it!"

"Papa, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his father.

"Yes, my son, as a rule" was the answer.

"Then why do artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill three miles away, looking at the battle through an opera-glass?"

"Now you'd better try a bottle of this," said the agent. "It is the best thing for dyspepsia in the market."

"I don't doubt it," said the householder, "but I have all the dyspepsia I want already."

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the grog-shops were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?"

And the answer came:

"Lots of people would get drowned!"

"Pa," asked the small boy, "why do they call the first piece the organ plays in church the 'voluntary?'"

"Because, my son," replied the old gentleman, "the organist runs his hands over the keys, and the organ goes wherever it pleases."

Jean, waking at the dead of night: Oh, div ye feel the smell of the gas? Are ye shure ye put it out?

"Tam—shure. I wonder to hear you talking! Hiv I not got a big blister on my thoomb?

Bicycle, flippantly: Hi, old fellow, are you all out of breath just coming up that little hill?

The horse, serenely: Yes; but please observe that I don't have to lean against a fence every time I stop.

Shopkeeper, to important commercial traveler: Simkins, call the porter to kick this fellow out!

Undaunted commercial traveler: Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you an entirely new line—the best thing you ever laid your eyes on.

Attorney: Now tell the Court the exact time of night when you fell through the manhole.

Complainant: It was just 2.32 o'clock.

Attorney: You are marvelously exact!

Complainant: Yes; I fell so hard that the jar stopped my watch!

"Why don't you come to Sunday school?" said a superintendent to a boy.

"'Cause pa owes my teacher for a pair of boots, an' she teacher got so sending notes home by me, an' pa said I needn't go any more till he paid for the boots, an' I don't think I'll go any more."

Heavy villain: Think not, faithless one, to escape my clutches. I will follow you to the end of the earth.

Flippant heroine: Indeed, you won't.

Heavy villain: Zounds! Hast thou talkest idly. Wherefore not?

Heroine: Because I'm not going there.

"I suppose you are a socialist, or anarchist, or something?" asked the lady of vague ideas.

"Madam," replied Mr. Brokedown Baldwin, "I am a positive altruist."

"What in the name of common sense is that?"

"I believe in being helped all I can."

A superintendent of public instruction passed a garden where a negro and his three sons were at work.

"Hallo, old man, why don't you send your sons to school?"

"All de 'vailable timber, sah, is dun gone to school."

"These boys should attend school; why don't you send them?"

"'Cause my son Dan is takin' all de edyucation for de family. I s'lected him 'case I thought he could take larnin' better than the rest ob de boys, an' 'case he ain't no 'count at home."

"You say he takes learning well?"

"I reckon he does. Dat chile ain't been dar but a week, an' he's fotch home about fifty books. Oh, yes, sah; he takes larnin' mighty well! Takes all he kin get his han's on."

HAVE BIRDS REASONING POWERS?—Some very interesting observations relating to the surgical treatments of wounds by birds were recently brought by M. Fatio before the Physical Society of Geneva. He quotes the case of the snipe, which he often observed engaging in repairing damages.

With its beak and feathers it makes a very creditable dressing, applying plasters to bleeding wounds, and even securing a broken limb by means of a stout ligature. On one occasion he killed a snipe which had on its chest a large dressing composed of down taken from other parts of the body, and securely fixed to the wound by the coagulated blood.

Twice he has brought home snipe with interwoven feathers strapped on to the site of fracture of one or the other limb.

The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered the bird only the day following, and he then found that the poor thing had contrived to apply dressings and a sort of splint to both limbs.

In a case reported by M. Magnin, a snipe, which was observed to fly away with a broken leg, was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position, the upper fragment reaching to the knee, and secured them there by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled.

The observers were particularly struck by the application of a ligature of a kind of flat leafed grass wound round the limb in a spiral form, and fixed by means of a sort of glue.

HOW FLOWERS ARE PERFUMED.—At present the odor of flowers is strengthened by moistening them with an alcoholic solution of the corresponding essential oil or perfume manufactured artificially.

This is done upon a large scale with violets, roses, hawthorns, etc. For such "doctoring" the artificial oils of rose, violet, etc., are advantageously employed.

For fixing the odor, which would prove fugacious, glycerine is employed. Some manufacturers sell the perfumes for flowers already prepared.

Let us mention in this line "violettine," composed of 100 grammes of alcohol, 100 of glycerine, and 10 of essence of violet, and "geraniolline," a similar preparation, in which the essence of violet is replaced by geraniol or artificial oil of rose.

In order to renew flowers exhausted by time or carriage, their extremities are immersed in vessels containing a weak solution of sal ammonia. After this their youth is renewed with a little essential oil.

ONE SIDEDNESS.—Persons who are sensitive for themselves are comparatively callous where others are concerned. They are easily wounded by unkindness or neglect, yet they thoughtlessly inflict the same stings upon another without compunction. They know the strength of their own temptations, but make no allowance for those who succumb before other allurements. Shrinking from criticism, they criticise others with easy severity. Certainly such persons have not learned to realise the effect of their words and actions. Their imaginations may be vivid enough in some directions, but in portraying the feelings of others it is dull indeed.

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And Lung
Troubles, Take

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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold as Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.50, 6.05, 9.10, 10.12, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.08, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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It is easy to learn what a word means.

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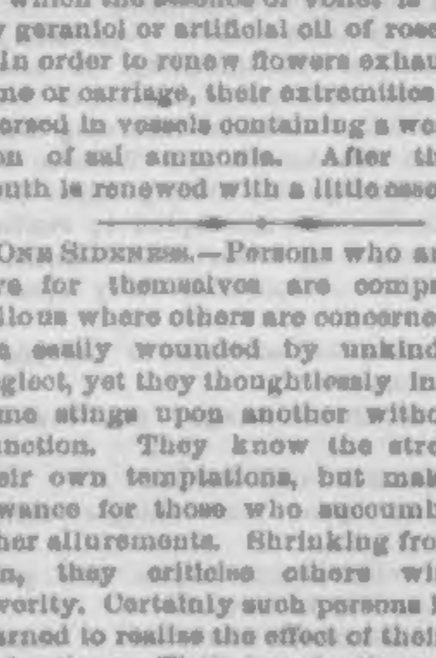

"A clean thing's kindly."

'Tis plain that a charm is added to things cleaned by SAPOLIO

It's a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning

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Even the little pig in the picture is a more agreeable companion than a man with a dirty collar or a woman who presides over a tawdry house. But nobody wants the reputation of being a pig under any circumstances.